Week ending July 17 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

A SPARKLING STORY BY JON CLEARY

Nancy and the laws of love

SISTER AUDREY RECORD STANDS BY FOR ACCIDENTS

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BY ROWNTREES

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EDITORIAL

For driving: 3/7

ONE Sunday afternoon this year, 151 drivers confidently turned up at Hendon aerodrome to prove that they were competent at handling their cars. Among them were driving school instructors.

By the end of the afternoon fifty-five of them, including an instructor, drove away again much more carefully than they had come. They had failed to score a "pass" of five successes in the seven tests.

A sixty-year-old member of the Company of Veteran Motorists was typical of the failures. He drove through a narrow space, negotiated a hairpin bend and started on a hill without slipping backwards.

BUT he failed to park efficiently, could not reverse properly into a garage, stalled his engine when making an emergency stop, and pulled up inaccurately. His score was only three out of seven.

MRS. CLARA THUBRUN
Experts failed her test

"It's a bit of a shock to discover that you're judged to be below standard after twenty years' driving," he said afterwards.

Mrs. Clara Thubrun, who was at that time chairman of Hendon Road Safety Committee, added: "Very few people are as good at driving as they think they are. If regular tests of this kind were held everywhere, the standard of driving in Britain would quickly improve."

In this effort of a road safety committee there is significance for every road user, particularly the 16,000 people who will very likely be involved in car accidents this month—and every month until a drastic change is made in our approach to road safety.

IF the Hendon experiment is trustworthy, it seems to show that about a third of those who hold driving licences are not up to scratch as drivers.

This is not altogether surprising. Driving tests were suspended during the war, and one and a quarter million people were allowed to drive without tests. Many of the millions who held licences before official tests were introduced in 1934 are still driving untested.

THESE tests are fairly strict, and of the 672,043 held last year there were 288,101 failures. But once a driver has passed, he can take charge of a dangerous weapon, no matter how soon he may forget what he learned.

This is not good enough in a country where 80,000 drivers and motor cyclists a year are officially blamed for recorded accidents.

Magistrates have the power to send unskilful drivers for a fresh driving test. They should use this power freely. We should all be safer then.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

STROLLING along the beach near his home in Eastbourne, Sussex, Fred Laurent finds plenty of material for his sketch-book. He has three children himself, and they have all gone through the rather shattering experience he has depicted. For at the age of three, every wave looks like an Atlantic breaker, and the sand has an unpleasant way of disappearing from under your feet and landing you flat on your face—in a good two inches of raging ocean.

That's life with an ELECTRIC 'FRIDGE'

You make a point of buying your food fresh. The 'fridge' makes a point of *keeping* it fresh. That's the way to fitness: that's life with an electric 'fridge'.

The foods that are especially worrying—meat, milk, butter, fish—lots of people dare not buy ahead, because these things 'won't keep'. But in the 'fridge' they *will* keep: fresh, sweet and wholesome. Buy them on Wednesday, eat them on Sunday: 'fridge'-fresh!

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FREE SPEECH

It pays to get paid monthly

A FEW weeks ago everyone in my office received a letter saying that wages in future would be paid monthly instead of weekly. There was an immediate outcry from the staff, many of whom said they would never survive until pay day.

I tried to console them by saying how much better off they would be in the long run. At my last job I was paid monthly. My wife and I found it such an advantage that when I joined my present firm I asked for the arrangement to continue.

We found that by budgeting for four or five weeks at a time we got a completely new outlook on luxury spending. Whereas I once considered a pound a week a moderate amount to spend on smoking, I was stunned by the prospect of setting aside four or five pounds each month on what now seemed a very expensive pleasure.

Office colleagues consider me rather mean. And yet at times I am very extravagant. What they fritter away each week on trifles, we are able to save for a real spree once a month.—RAYMOND STANIFORTH, Nottingham.

The New Look

OUR cat always looked rather ill-kept and dirty, and neighbours used to call him "the alley cat." I noticed that his bedding was old and tattered, and replaced it by a new cushion, covered with a white linen case which I change every week. The cat now cleans himself regularly and is obviously proud of his appearance.—M. MAURICE, Alexandra Grove, Finchley, London, N.12.

Bedside Boon

A PORTABLE telephone—the first of its kind in the country—has been installed at Acton Hospital, London. Patients confined to bed may speak

to relatives living many miles away, who are perhaps unable to visit them. It is a boon which I hope many other hospitals will copy.—J. G., Stirlingshire.

The instrument and coin box, shown in our photograph, are mounted on a trolley complete with directories. At each bedside there is a socket into which the telephone may be plugged.

Swan-song

A FRIEND was crossing a bridge over the Liffey last week when he saw a fight between a swan and a cormorant. The swan was making its way upstream when the cormorant surfaced a few feet away with a large eel in its beak. The swan turned on the newcomer, which dropped the eel and disappeared beneath the water. Later, the cormorant reappeared about a yard from the swan. As the swan tried to attack, the cormorant grasped its neck and held it under the water. A minute or two later, a drowned swan floated away and the cormorant went on searching for food.—ALFRED E. WILSON, Serpentine Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin.

Piping Times

MY brother found a wallet recently on one of the Clyde ferries. The owner's name was inside, and we wrote to him. When he called at our house to collect the wallet, he promised in gratitude to return later to give the family "a night." The following week he came back, carrying a set of bagpipes. He was a burly man and, except for a short break for tea, spent the evening strutting from room to room, blowing the pipes. When he went, I don't think he was fit to ask how we had enjoyed ourselves. In any case, we couldn't have told him. — EDWARD MCLOUGHLIN, Quarry Knowe, Castlehill, Dumbarton.

Quiet, Please!

WOMEN always seem to make so much more noise than men when working in the house. My wife, who is usually a quiet person, is one of the worst offenders. It seems that not one woman in ten knows how to handle a broom properly, nor do they realize that a broom is shaped so that it can be used noiselessly. Men are not only quieter; they are just as efficient.—J. GARNETT, Coval Road, East Sheen, London, S.W.14.

Night Shift

A STREET lamp in my home town was badly placed and served no real purpose. A friend of mine petitioned the council to have it moved outside his house. At last the council agreed—and my friend was able to work in his garden until 11 p.m., when the light was switched off.—B. CROCKER, Waterloo Road, Bedford.

Sense—Or Sensibility?

WE ARE just beginning to realize how wasteful are our conventional methods of burying and burning the dead. Your article on bone grafting (JOHN BULL, June 26) helped to strengthen this view. I believe that doctors and hospitals have appealed many times for people to make provision for their bodies to be handed over to medical authorities. Surely, it is better to help the living in this way, but it is surprising how

Continued on page 6

What is Wiggery-pokery?

GEORGE WIGG, back bench M.P. famous for his ingenious and unrelenting campaign to harass the government, is the subject of a brilliant profile by John Ennis which appears . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

GENE TIERNEY, lovely star of the screen, poses with a snowy white, specially sculptured model of herself. Gene has to make *sure* that her complexion is flawless—which is why she uses Lux Toilet Soap. She says, "I know I'm safe with the whitest soap I can find—Lux Toilet Soap." (*Gene Tierney is starring in the J. Arthur Rank Organization's film "Personal Affair."*)

Every day you've a different complexion!

EVERY SINGLE DAY, nature gives you a fresh chance to have a flawless complexion—if you're wise enough to take advantage of the fact!

You see, no skin ever stays the same—it changes constantly. As you read this, fine new skin is even now replacing the old—and bringing with it a brand-new lease on beauty.

Will you make the most of it? That's largely a question of *care*.

MAKE YOUR RESOLUTION

Decide now—if you're wise—not to let another day go by without helping nature to make you lovelier. Resolve to give that tender new skin the very best of care, the mildest possible cleansing.

Of course, the kind of soap you choose is of supreme importance. Only to the safest, *purest* of toilet soaps will you want to entrust your complexion's promise. Luckily, it's easy to test and judge.

PROOF OF PURITY

Unwrap a tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. You'll notice its snowy, fabulous *whiteness* instantly. This inviting whiteness is an outward sign of its inward purity.

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As you use Lux Toilet Soap, you'll grow to know what mild, pure care—every day—can mean to your complexion. It's no accident that 9 out of 10 film stars trust to Lux Toilet Soap!

The bewitching fragrance of pure, white Lux Toilet Soap lingers lovingly with you, enhances your allure. Try Lux Toilet Soap today. It comes in two sizes—each a promise of new loveliness for your delicate skin.

Gene Tierney —like 9 out of 10 other film stars—uses pure, white Lux Toilet Soap

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

many otherwise intelligent people still insist on conventional burials. What must one do to ensure that one's body will be handed over to the medical profession and thus benefit the living?—J. MATTHEW, Abbey Hills Road, Oldham, Lancs.

A person wishing to leave his body to a hospital for research work must first obtain the consent of his next-of-kin. He should then get in touch with a medical school, or the Ministry of Health, who will advise him on the correct form of bequest. A person may bequeath his eyes for corneal grafting without relatives' consent.

The Pay-off

AS a police officer I agree that sentences meted out to offenders in our courts are often paltry (JOHN BULL Editorial, June 19). A youth who knocked a girl unconscious was fined £3. The fine will probably be paid by some terrorized shopkeeper in the youth's home city. Would not the solution be to keep such offenders in a prison with more comforts than the usual jail, and make them work to pay off any compensation due to the victim?—R. W., Ayrshire.

Supertax

IN certain circumstances purchase tax is paid on postal fees. I received an invoice for an article costing 4s. 3d., which listed postage and packing charges of sixpence, and 1s. 4d. for C.O.D. and registration fees. To the total of 6s. 1d. had been added 50 per cent purchase tax, making a cost of 9s. 2d. I was assured by the trader that this was correct.—A. P., Henlow, Bedfordshire.

The cost of delivery must, by law, be included in the wholesale value on which purchase tax is chargeable, says a Customs and Excise official. In certain circumstances, extra delivery charges—for example, on small orders—may be ignored in computing the taxable wholesale value.

Good Health!

I SPENT my holiday in the south of France at a village near Cannes which is noted for the longevity of its inhabitants. They have a slogan: "Drink milk fresh from a goat and

you will live for ever." Every morning, herdsmen drive the goats into the village, and villagers arrive with their jugs to be filled. As they quaff the fresh milk, they boast of their great ages and those of their forebears.—MISS A. BARTLETT, Bath Road, Exeter, Devon.

Courtesy Call

WHILE making a telephone call from a public booth I was asked by the operator to insert sixpence. I had only three pennies in change, and explained my predicament. The operator told me to take my call and pay when I had change. Twenty minutes later I paid my debt with a special "Thank you" to the girl for her kindness and assistance.—A. C. COOK, Heaton Moor Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport, Lancashire.

The operator, although extremely helpful, was exceeding her duty in this case, says the G.P.O.

. . . Some time ago I was cut off in the middle of an urgent call. I had no more change, but the operator said she could not reconnect me. If I gave my name and address she said my money would be refunded.—JOHN DALE, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

Normally, the current practice is for the operator to re-establish the call without further cost.

Grannie's Grumbles

I AM a grandmother, but when I am feeling a little disgruntled with life I take out my five knuckle stones and play a game of my childhood. This always brings back memories of my friends, my village school, the playground and the meadows. When I put away my stones, life never seems quite so bad.—MRS. E. M. SAWARD, Challis Lane, Braintree, Essex.

Knucklebones—or fivestones, dabs, dobber and kibs, as it is sometimes known—is one of the world's oldest games. It was originally played with sheep's knucklebones, and is thought to be the forerunner of our dice games. It is still played in many parts of the country.

Bedroom Bomb

THE other night I awoke to a terrific crash and thought the bedroom ceiling was falling down. A shower of small stones seemed to hit the bed, but when I switched on the light I found the room and furniture strewn with fragments of glass. A tumbler of cold water had exploded on my bedside table. I had used the tumbler for fifteen years, and think it must have been struck by lightning.—MRS. R. LEITHBORO, Honeybrook Road, London, S.W.12.

Glass which has not been properly tempered in manufacture may later collapse or explode spontaneously.

Progress Report

SINCE 1929 the storage capacity of British reservoirs has doubled, while the population has increased by one-eighth. About 97 per cent of our households now have a piped water supply, and the number is increasing. Though we have every sympathy for Mrs. Wheaden (JOHN BULL Editorial, June 26) and others who live in remote parts, this seems to be pretty good progress, particularly when one bears in mind that nearly every proposal for a new reservoir of any size is strenuously opposed by either the agricultural or amenity interests, and often by both.—M. A. LIDDELL, Secretary, The Water Companies' Association.

End Of A Goblin

THERE was a time when boys and girls were told mystic tales of the Durham coalmines not for their amusement ("Free Speech," June 26) but to terrify them. Children once had the misfortune to work in the pits, dragging out the coal on sledges or wicker baskets. These were fastened round their waists by ropes, known as "The Soames."

A child who idled might be taken by the chargeman to the edge of the cavernous waste, and be forced to listen to the creaking of props and the noise of falling roof. This, he would explain, was the abode of Cutty Soames, the goblin, who would cut the soames of children who did not haul enough coal, and carry them off to his lair.

Occasionally, as a miner, I have found sledges and baskets in old workings.—L. B., Durham.

Badge Of Office

ON a flight in a foreign plane I was asked by the air steward if I would like to see the pilot's cabin. I accepted the offer, and thought that other passengers would be invited too. For some reason or other the privilege was extended only to me, and I wondered why. When we landed, the captain and crew lined up on the tarmac. As I left the plane the captain saluted, and said: *"Vive le R.A.F."* I realized then why I had been given preferential treatment. I have a bushy moustache—but I served in the army.—J. T., Newcastle upon Tyne.

Holland's children play at road safety

THE Dutch have made great progress since the war not only in housing ("Free Speech," June 26), but also in the teaching of road safety. At The Hague Museum of Schoolteaching a traffic garden has been built in which children aged six to twelve may play and learn as well.

In it, as my photograph above shows, all the traffic signs that may be met outside are reproduced. In Holland's towns, which are probably the most crowded in the world, it is difficult to keep children off the streets. But methods like that used at The Hague are paying dividends in reducing the number of accidents caused by the negligence of children.—JOHN T. PETERS, Badhoevedorp, Holland.

In Islington, London, a portable roadway, complete with pedestrian crossing, is used at nursery schools for road-safety lessons

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

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Photo-micrographs showing (above) normal blood cells, and (below) pale, hypochromic cells from a case of iron-deficiency anaemia. Reproduced from HEMATOLOGY by Prof. Willis M. Fowler, M.D., Department of Internal Medicine, University of Iowa. Published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.

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From a photograph from the Red Heart series.

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Sister Audrey Record stands by for accidents

by JOHN ENNIS

Her ward is the hospital "shop window" where she waits for the ambulance bell—and another victim from a city's busy streets

A NURSE PUT HER HEAD round the office door just as Sister Audrey Record was about to go for her supper. "A patient, Sister. He's in very poor condition." In a West End public house brawl, a man swinging a broken bottle had gashed a barman's neck from nape to chin. A policeman had brought the barman to the casualty department of London's Charing Cross Hospital in a taxi. Now the man lay on the leather couch in the examination room.

The sister lifted the temporary dressing that the policeman had put on the wound. Swiftly she estimated the extent of the serious injury. The jagged glass had just missed the jugular vein, though many smaller blood vessels had been severed. She replaced the policeman's dressing with an emergency pack—a ready-made dressing always on hand in the casualty department—and pressed it on the wound.

Then, in an authoritative voice softened by a slight accent from her native Devonshire, Sister Record instructed the four nurses who were on duty. One nurse telephoned for the young doctor who had gone for his supper during the department's usual early evening lull.

Another nurse brought in a stand to hold the blood plasma bottle. Then she broke the seals of two bottles, one containing dried blood plasma in powder form, and the other sterile water. She poured the water into the powder and shook the mixture as if making a cocktail.

A third nurse reached behind the bib of the sister's white starched apron and, from the breast pocket of her dark blue dress, unpinned the key to the dangerous drugs cupboard where the morphia is kept.

The Doctor Ordered Morphia

The casualty officer arrived. He looked at the injury and ordered a morphia injection. The nurse, now back with the morphia, filled a syringe. Normally the doctor must give this order in writing, but in an emergency he writes the order later. He began scrubbing his hands and arms before giving the plasma infusion.

Sister Record still held her hands round the man's neck, pressing as hard as she dared without choking him. It was vital to stem bleeding, and his life was literally in her hands. For an hour she kept up the gentle pressure, relieved for a few minutes by a staff nurse, when her fingers began to tingle and grow numb. Nurses undressed the patient, cutting along the seams of any garments that would normally come over his head. The doctor opened a vein in the man's arm and gave the plasma infusion.

When he saw the man's condition was satisfactory he telephoned the surgeon in the main part of the hospital. An hour after the surgeon arrived the barman was taken up to the operating theatre, where more than a hundred deep stitches were put into his wound. With a stub of pencil, Sister Record scribbled the address of the man's relatives on the inside hem of her apron, and made sure they knew about his accident and operation before she went off duty.

Sister Record, a tall, slim woman of forty-four, has had charge of the casualty department and the male and female accident wards of Charing Cross Hospital for nine years. Originally she was asked to take on the job for three months, after the previous sister left to marry. "She'll be back," the matron told Sister Record. But the other woman did not return.

"Now I wouldn't change for any other job in nursing," says Sister Record. "Something different is happening in here every hour of the day and night."

The department is open seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. Three young doctors

When police bring an accident victim to Sister Record, her decision may save a life. "I wouldn't change for any other job in nursing," she says

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The young duty doctor has lanced a patient's poisoned finger, and Sister Record puts on a dressing. Not all visitors are casualties : one man came in complaining that he couldn't yawn

A plain-clothes policeman is treated for an ear bitten when he made an arrest. Sister Record's strangest case was the knife-thrower's girl assistant who had been hugged by a circus bear

work there for a six-month spell. All three are on duty in the morning, two stay on through the afternoon, and one is at hand throughout the night. Sister Record works from 8.20 a.m. until 8.30 p.m. Whenever possible she takes a three-hour break during this period.

Covering a large part of the Embankment and such crowded places as Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, Covent Garden and Soho, the casualty department has treated 280 people in a busy day, and deals with an average of a thousand people a week. To help Sister Record and the three casualty officers, there are two State Registered Nurses, seven nurses under training and three male orderlies.

Charing Cross Hospital is almost opposite the exit from Charing Cross Station, through which a quarter of a million people pass every morning. "The law of averages ensures that at least twice a week somebody comes in here with a finger that has been trapped in a train door," says Sister Record. Regularly, too, girls arrive from local dressmaking shops with needles sticking in their fingers.

Woman Was Hit By Full-stop

New Year's Eve, Cup Final Night and similar occasions that draw large crowds to the centre of London increase the number of patients. Often the accident has an odd cause.

"At the time of the Coronation," says Sister Record, "an American woman visitor came in with a badly cut head. She had been hit by a large metal full-stop that had fallen from between the E and the R on a building in Oxford Street. Another woman had a tin of blue paint dropped on her head. She looked most exotic."

One evening a Shakespearian actor cut a tendon in his forefinger during a stage sword-fight, and came to the department for treatment. "I went to see the next play in the repertory," says the casualty officer who treated him. "He was playing the part of a Shakespearian clown, and he danced about the stage with his finger stuck up in the air. It made him even more clownlike."

On another occasion a young woman announced that she had been hugged by a bear. She worked for a circus that was passing through London, and she had been attacked while helping to feed the animals. She tried, unsuccessfully, to persuade the doctor not to strap her ribs, explaining that she was the knife-thrower's assistant and had to wear a brief costume for her work.

Rat Killer Who Shot Himself

Called from bed one night to the telephone, the doctor on duty was told that a man had shot himself. Speedily he organized the night staff to deal with a serious case. When the shot man came in, the doctor found he was a rat killer who had been working through the night at a nearby warehouse, using two pistols loaded with .22 small-shot cartridges. Seeing a rat, the man had snatched at one of the pistols in his jacket pocket and accidentally fired it into his leg. "The casualty officer spent an hour picking tiny pellets out of his thigh," says Sister Record.

The sister has to fight a constant battle of wits with people who try to use the twelve beds in her accident wards for a free night's lodging. One man from the north arrived at regular intervals late at night, with a story of having fallen off a lorry. She found he was a long-distance lorry driver who, rather than pay for a bed, preferred spending his money on a night out every time he was in London.

A young woman, an alcoholic, arrived in the early morning after spending the night in a café. She was in a state of collapse, and was put to bed. "The next afternoon I asked her to go, but she just snuggled down in bed. With another nurse I managed to get her into the bathroom for a wash, hoping it would get her on the

Sister Record deals with a thousand patients each week. Some are actresses from nearby theatres—like Joyce Blair, *Guys And Dolls* understudy

move. She went wild, and beat us both up. We sent for a policeman, and she bit his hand."

Clashes with troublesome patients are avoided if possible. "I have to warn the nurses not to get themselves injured," says Sister Record. One morning she heard a loud clatter of running footsteps in the corridor. A young man who had given false information about his relatives' whereabouts had decided to leave, though the doctor had said he must be accompanied by a friend. "He tore round the corner with his coat-tails flying, pursued by a heavily built nurse. I was nearly knocked over. I caught the nurse and told her to let him go."

The department attracts cranks who waste the time of the staff, while legitimate casualties are kept waiting. One man brought in his dog and said it was ill; he told the doctors they were inhuman when they refused to treat it. Another man came in and sat weakly before a doctor, looking very pale. "I do feel ill," he said. "I've just seen a sparrow run over in the Strand." The same man appeared a few days later. Asked his trouble, he replied: "I want to yawn, but I can't."

"We either humour them or throw them out," says Sister Record. "It depends on whether the doctor has been up all night or not."

Half an hour after an elderly man had been treated in the department, Sister Record had a telephone call from another hospital to tell her that the man was there with her department's sphygmomanometer—an apparatus for testing blood pressure. "I think he was trying to sell it to them," she says.

On a shelf in her office, Sister Record keeps a "black book" containing the names of such troublesome characters. Beside some are hints on how to deal with them if they appear again. Opposite one notorious name is a note: "Smell the C_2H_5OH [chemical formula for alcohol] and send for the police."

A notice on the wall explains that the department is "for the treatment of *casualties*—that is, cases of accident or sudden illness." Everybody who asks for attention at the porter's lodge is given a treatment card. The patient then sits in a pleasant room until it is his turn to be seen by one of the doctors. People who are too ill to be sent home may be taken to one of the two accident wards, where there are six beds for men and six for women. The department has its own theatre for minor operations, and it is always kept ready for instant use.

Tramp Cut His Shoes Open

The casualty department is a haven for genuine down-and-outs and tramps, some of whom call regularly to have their feet treated. Once, Sister Record passed on a sound pair of shoes that had been given her for a tramp. The man cut along the seam between the soles and the uppers, so that his toes could be seen. "Somebody will steal them if they look too good," he explained. Sister Record tries to arrange accommodation for the down-and-outs. "I have to know which social services are operating at night and over the weekend."

One night an old tramp was brought in from the Thames Embankment, where he had been found lying under a bench. "Just skin and bone," says Sister Record. "He had starved himself, and he died in a few hours." The man was wrapped in layer upon layer of verminous rags. Sewn into the rags, in little bundles, were twenty one-pound notes and £26 12s. in silver.

There are a few regular, well-to-do visitors. One man from a good home appears from time to time, drunk, with lipstick smears on his face, often having lost his wallet and his watch. "I have to be diplomatic in the morning when I tell his wife where he is," says Sister Record.

People who fall on the Underground rails are frequently brought into her casualty department. "They are either terribly injured, or simply covered in oily dust after falling into the pit between the rails. I never travel on the tube without noticing that dusty smell that comes from their clothing."

Audrey Record, who is classed as a senior sister, is paid about £500 a year, from which deductions are made for board and lodging, superannuation, tax and insurance. Her uniforms are supplied free. She tries to create a happy atmosphere in the department, partly to reassure the patients and partly to offset the grim nature of much of the work she and her staff have to do.

She insists that the nurses shall be exceptionally neat and well-behaved "because we are the hospital's shop window." She uses two white aprons each day, one for morning and one for afternoon. One day recently, her apron was splashed with blood, and a few minutes later it was covered in soup-stains from a minor mishap in the corridor. Before she had time to change, the hospital governor appeared on a tour of inspection. "My prim and proper reputation was shattered. I was most embarrassed."

In the interests of discipline, she has learned to ignore situations that could lead to embarrassment. One day she was passing a group of nurses who were trying to deal with a drunken old patient.

"When he saw me, he began to say what he thought of me. I could see horrified expressions on the nurses' faces. They were wondering if I had heard. I walked straight past and pretended I hadn't." THE END

Nancy and the laws of love

by ***JON CLEARY***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

What does a girl do when the man she loves turns bandit? I can't help him, thought Nancy, and I can't turn him in. There's only one thing I *can* do . . .

THEY'LL TELL YOU THE STORY up around Kootapatamba way, in the mountain country where the rivers begin as weeping snow, where the eagles brush the clouds with their wings, and where the men are as hard and stubborn, ironclad, as the mountains that surround them. It's a tough country, and especially for women; and when the women complain, it's hard to tell whether they are complaining about the mountains or the men.

My mother married a mountain man, and my grandmother, too. When you hear the story of my grandmother, it really depends on who tells it to you, a man or a woman. For each has a considerably different view of her.

Her name was Nancy Farendine, and she was more than just pretty, they say. Her hair was fair and smooth; her eyes could flash with temper that made the lightning dim, and yet her smile was gentle and friendly, and her slim, high-bosomed figure moved with the grace of a billabong reed in a soft southern breeze. She was *the* girl for miles around, and her father was the local bank manager into the bargain; and any man, solvent or insolvent, would have traded a thousand head of sheep for her. But she loved only Jimmy Palady, who had less than a thousand sheep, but had two mortgages and was looking for a third.

"I need this extra loan, Nan," he told her.

They used to meet clandestinely—although they never thought of it that way. Mountain men are not romantics, and mountain women have given up the daydreams and pretences that other women cherish. When Jimmy and Nancy met by some secluded creek or in the shadow of some ravine, they weren't being romantic; they were just dodging Nancy's father.

"I don't know why your old man won't advance it," Jimmy grumbled.

Nancy was as gentle as she could be. "He doesn't think you're a good risk, darling. After all, the money isn't his to give away."

"I don't want him to give it away!" he said. "Stone the crows, can't he see that if he doesn't give me this loan, he'll never recover the other two? I've got to have money to get back on my feet—that flood in the spring washed away more than a few sheep."

He looked bitterly away down the mountainside; in the distance, the river winked back at him, enjoying its own joke. "Three years of sweat and hard work are on their way to the sea. . . . I'll have to start all over again."

"Ah, Jimmy." Nancy inserted herself into his arms. "I'd help if I could, but you know what Dad is like."

"Too right," said Jimmy. "He's enough to drive a man to bushranging."

"You wouldn't do that, darling," Nancy said, not taking him seriously. "What sort of life would I have as a bushranger's wife? And our children—how would they like it if they knew their daddy held up banks and mail coaches?"

"If I know kids," said Jimmy, "they'd worship me." He was beginning to daydream now, a weakness that he had never experienced before; he looked at the sky and imagined he saw the future sketched there. "Maybe I could become another Ned Kelly."

Ned Kelly was Public Enemy No. 1—the ace bushranger at that time, the expert at holding up people and relieving them of their money.

"Maybe I could make enough in six months to buy us a farm somewhere else." Jimmy lay back against a tree, still staring into space. "I could operate on my own. Be a mystery man."

"You've been reading too many stories," said Nancy.

Jimmy wasn't going to be involved in a literary discussion. "The Kelly gang held up the bank down at Oodnapilli last week. They got away with over eight hundred pounds."

"And they killed the bank manager," Nancy said. "That makes it blood money."

Jimmy was silent for a while, thinking of a bank manager he could cheerfully eliminate.

"You're too nice to be a bushranger," Nancy said, and she cuddled up to him, and for a while he forgot all about banks and mortgages and holdups.

But the idea of turning to bushranging was

firmly implanted in Jimmy's mind now. He went home that afternoon and had one more good look at his property.

Mountain Flat wasn't big, and there were several better selections in the district, but when Jimmy had taken it over, three years ago, he had had hopes that by now it would be a paying proposition. Instead, all he had now was his patched-up shack, broken fences, half his original number of sheep, and a magnificent view. And a view is worth nothing in the mountain country, because everybody has one.

So Jimmy took stock; then that night he rode down to see Nancy's father. Mr. Farendine was a stern man, and many people who had forgotten the beauty of Nancy's dead mother thought it a miracle that he could have sired a daughter as attractive as Nancy. He was short and thin and gnarled, like a tree that grows out of rock, and he for ever had a look that was darker than the snow clouds above Mt. Kosciusko. And his voice was colder and sharper than a winter wind. An ideal man for a bank manager.

"No, Mr. Palady," he said, and in the shadow of the lamp-light his look was black as night. "I'm afraid you've had your chance. I can't gamble further with the bank's money."

"It isn't a gamble," Jimmy pleaded. "In another three months I'll be back on my feet."

"The answer, Mr. Palady," said Mr. Farendine, "is no."

JIMMY stood up. He was a tall boy, straight as a mountain ash, and his look now was as dark as Mr. Farendine's. "You will regret this day, Mr. Farendine. In a few months you will wish you had lent me the money. You will find that it would have been cheaper."

"Good night, Mr. Palady," said Mr. Farendine, unmoved, his face as impassive as a vault door. "Your next payment, you will remember, is due on the thirty-first."

Jimmy stalked out into the night, slamming the door behind him. Nancy was waiting for him in the shadows of the wattle tree down by the bridge.

"What did he say?"

Jimmy let out a gasp of anger, fierce and terrible. "How could you own such a father! A man without feelings. All he wants is to drive me off my land." He swung up into the saddle of his horse.

"Wait a minute." Nancy vanished into the shadows. A moment later she came back, riding a grey horse. "I'll come with you."

Jimmy looked at the grey horse. "Where did you get this nag? What happened to Derribong?"

"Derribong was getting too old. So Dad

Bitterly, he stared into the distance. "Your father's enough to drive a man to bushranging," he said. But it did not occur to Nancy that he meant it

"Jimmy badly needs that loan," she pleaded. But she saw it was no use: her father's mind was made up. "I'm not prepared to risk the bank's money," he told her. "And that's final"

bought me this one. He got him cheap from a man down at Pilligundi."

"Oh, a lowlands horse," said Jimmy; and his own black mountain horse snickered. "He'll be no good to you up here."

"He'll be good enough," Nancy said, patting the grey's neck. "He and I won't be doing any dangerous riding."

They rode in silence for a while, while Jimmy's mood grew fiercer and Nancy wondered at the way of nature that asked a woman to have loyalty to two different members of such a variable species as man. She was worried.

At last Jimmy broke the silence. "I'm going to turn bushranger."

Nancy brought the grey sharply to a halt. "You're not serious!"

"I am," said Jimmy emphatically.

NANCY's eyes flashed in the moonlight. "Then you must be out of your head! Throwing up everything in the hope of a few pounds! What if they catch you? They'll hang you or send you to jail for life."

"They won't catch me. There isn't a horse in these mountains that can out-run Blackie." Jimmy patted his horse's neck. "Why should I go on working my insides out?" he went on. "The only thing left is to go back to working for someone else. And I'm not going to do that, not after being my own boss for three years. You can blame my turning bushranger on your old man."

"I'll do no such thing," Nancy said; then her woman's curiosity made her ask, "Where will you do your bushranging?"

"I can't tell you that. You might give me away. But I'm going to take over where the Kelly gang leaves off."

"And what about me?" said Nancy.

"I'll come back for you. Give me six months to establish myself."

"You think I'll wait?" demanded Nancy. "In six months you may be swinging at the end of a gibbet!"

"They'll never get me," Jimmy declared—already he was talking as if he had been a bushranger for years. "I'll die in my own time and my own way."

"Then I hope it's tonight!" snapped Nancy. "To save you making a fool of yourself!"

And she turned the grey and galloped back towards Kootapatamba and her father, who might be a bank manager and hardhearted, but was no fool.

Behind her, Jimmy and the black climbed farther into the mountains.

For the next week Nancy went about with the air of a girl who expected the mountains to fall. Even her father took time out from counting the bank's money to comment on it.

"What ails you, Nan?"

"Nothing, Dad. It's just the weather, I suppose."

"Why, it's beautiful weather," said her father; then let fall one of his rare jokes. "I think I'll go out and foreclose on a few properties."

"Don't joke like that, Dad," Nancy said. "Some people don't appreciate that sort of humour."

"I didn't mean it, Nan." Mr. Farendine's face softened. "You don't think I enjoy taking people's properties from them, do you?"

"I know, Dad," Nancy said; then shot an arrow in the air, "Are you thinking of advancing another loan then?"

HER father caught the arrow deftly. "Young Palady? No, he's had all he's going to get. Come to think of it, I haven't seen him hanging about, this past week. I must say I'm glad of it, Nan. You can do better for yourself, lass. There are many men in the district better than he."

"You're unfair to him." Nancy was still angry at Jimmy, but she felt she had to defend him. "He works hard."

"I don't deny that," said Mr. Farendine. "But so do other men, and they haven't the pigheaded stubbornness and the self-centred pride that young Palady has. All he thinks of is himself."

Nancy had been thinking the same thing for the last week, but is a woman expected to be consistent?

"That's not true! Jimmy is the most considerate man in these mountains! If you would only advance him that further loan——"

"I can't do that, Nan. Nobody else in the district has a third mortgage. If I gave it to young Palady, I shouldn't be able to refuse it to anyone else if they asked for it. And anyhow, that property of his isn't worth it. He was advised against taking it, but he thought he knew best. Every year the floods hit him."

"That's why he badly needs the loan; he's going to use part of it to dam the creek. He says he can divert it so that when the floods come again, they'll miss Mountain Flat."

"He told me all that," said Mr. Farendine. "I don't believe it can be done. At least I'm not prepared to risk the bank's money to find out. And that's final." He waved his hand. "You'd better run along, Nan, while I finish counting this money. It has to go out on the coach tomorrow morning."

"Is there much this month?"

"Over a thousand pounds," said her father. "These sheepmen are beginning to roll in money. Soon they'll have more than they know what to do with." He riffled the notes. "I'll be glad to see it gone. Since the Kelly gang held up the bank down at Oodnapilli last week, I've been jittery about having so much cash on hand. I don't like to hear of bushrangers being so close."

Nancy thought of Jimmy out there at Mountain Flat, probably practising his hold-up technique on a mob of sheep; then she swallowed her pride, saddled the grey and set out for one last attempt to talk Jimmy into going straight.

Now, there was a road to Mountain Flat that went the long, easy way round the spurs and that Jimmy used when he carted in supplies or brought out wool in the wagon, but Jimmy and Nancy had never used it when making the trip by horseback. There was a shorter track up over the spurs, and it was this track that Nancy took now.

SHE urged the grey on, and on the first flat stretch he responded well. He was a big horse and he had speed; then the flat smooth stretch suddenly petered out, and the climb began, up a rocky path that twisted and turned across the spurs like the track of a crazy mountain goat. Underfoot it was hard and slippery, and at times it ran along the edge of almost sheer drops that finished a hundred feet or so below.

Jimmy's black and old Derribong had taken the track in their stride, but the grey was more cautious. It took Nancy almost two hours to reach Mountain Flat, a journey she had been accustomed to doing in half an hour.

Jimmy was down by the creek when she finally reached the homestead. She dismounted from the grey, took off the saddle and turned him loose in the small paddock close to the shack. Then she walked down to the creek.

"Hallo." The atmosphere was strained; she had quarrelled with Jimmy before, but this was the first serious row they had had.

Jimmy looked up from his task. "Hallo."

"What are you doing?" Nancy asked.

"Baiting a dingo trap. They've been hanging around again this past week. I lost two lambs last night."

Nancy knew that the wild dogs were always a menace in these parts. But she wondered why Jimmy should now still be concerned about them. "Have you decided to keep on sheep farming?"

"I never intended giving it up," Jimmy said, and Nancy felt a swift burst of relief. But then he went on, "As soon as I've made enough out of bushranging, I'm coming back here. I'm going to show your old man that something can be made of Mountain Flat."

Nancy sat down on the bank of the creek. Here

Continued on page 42

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD (6) by Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, D.S.O., M.C.

We plot to trick the Chinese

Day by day, the Glosters smuggled food past the prison camp guards. Their hopes were high—they were ready for escape

WHEN CAPTAIN LI came into my cell in the morning, my mind was at rest. The preceding hours had been passed comparatively comfortably, on a piece of matting that had been brought to the cell by another prisoner—apparently permitted some measure of freedom in return for doing chores for the warders.

I was in Pyongyang jail, and I had been tortured. Four times I had been dragged into the ominous concrete room along the corridor: the North Koreans wanted to know what had happened to Jack, the American flyer, and Ron, the Australian, who had escaped with me from an interrogation centre near Pyongyang.

I had been recaptured; Jack, Ron and I had agreed on the story we should tell in such circumstances, and I stuck to it. But I refused to tell the North Koreans in which direction my friends had gone.

On the evening of my seventh day in the prison, Captain Li, of the interrogation centre, had come into my cell. "You are very lucky," he said. "Tomorrow you will be shot."

And now it was morning. With some old rags I endeavoured to clean the filth from my body. I scrubbed my underclothing, feeling that I should not be requiring it very much longer. My greatest regret was that I had neither cap nor comb, so that I should appear rather an unkempt soldier before the firing-squad. As a great luxury, I sat down on my little rice-straw mat in the corner.

Armed Soldiers Were Waiting

When Captain Li appeared, I rose, picking up Jack's black raincoat which had been thrown into the cell on the previous day. I thought it would cover my ragged clothes.

"Where you are going," said Captain Li, "you will not need that."

He was probably right. I let it drop on to the mat and preceded him through the door. We marched down the passage, emerging into a fine November morning. The sun was shining from a blue sky; the wind was light; the air was keen, but not too cold now that the sun was up. Beyond the doorway, standing at ease on a mud square, I saw a file of soldiers armed with rifles. I wondered how far I should march with this firing-squad before we reached the place of execution.

Captain Li said: "Go on," motioning towards the soldiers with his pistol. Saying the Twenty-third Psalm to myself, I walked over to them, and was marched to the road that ran towards the centre of Pyongyang. At that moment I was astonished to see Jack coming out of a nearby building.

"Do not talk," said Captain Li. Three soldiers with him separated us on either side of the road, before we could exchange more than a greeting. I was just wondering whether Jack was to be shot, too, and if so, who would be shot first, when everyone with us, except Captain Li and the three men walking with him, wheeled to the right and disappeared. We continued to walk along the sunlit road without a word, heading for the wooded hill which stands in the centre of Pyongyang city, overlooking the airfield across the river.

It was when we were crossing an open space of rice paddy between one suburb and another that an opportunity occurred to talk. Captain

At headquarters in Pyoktong, a Chinese girl spoke to Farrar-Hockley in good English. "What will your mother and wife do in England when floods sweep over your rice paddy?" she asked

ILLUSTRATION BY NASH

Terry Waters, G.C., the Gloster lieutenant who died rather than co-operate with the Chinese

Newly-arrived prisoners parade before their Chinese captors at a North Korean camp. Farrar-by the camp commander. An interpreter then translated in abominable English: "The commander he

Li saw a friend whom he ran after, calling on him to stop. They began an animated conversation some distance away. The guards drew together in a group to light cigarettes and have a chat. Jack and I worked along the paddy bund towards one another, and sat down.

"Where are we going?" asked Jack.

"I don't know," I replied. "Are you going to be shot?"

Obviously he had not thought of this. "Can't say," he said, after thinking it over. As the guards continued to disregard us, we decided to settle a few more points. Jack told me that he had been caught with Ron two days before. After a short wait with their captors, they had been taken to the interrogation centre, where they had spent a miserable time.

Rain Of Blows When He Moved

He and Rod had been badly beaten up, in spite of "confessing" to our story. In addition, Jack had been made to kneel for hours with a heavy board held up by his arms behind his back, receiving a rain of blows every time he moved. Tom, the crippled American who had stayed behind at the interrogation centre when we escaped, was recovering from several heavy beatings.

Apparently, six Chinese had considered it safe to attack a one-legged man after removing his crutches, while two men had covered him with pistols, in case he leaped to his foot and overcame them. He was still very weak from this and through his former starvation—concluded two days ago—and from a fever.

Both he and Ron had been taken off that morning in a jeep with the Young Major to an unknown destination. Li had brought Jack on foot to the Central Police Station. He was just telling me that he and Ron had turned south at the coast instead of north, when Captain Li returned.

To my surprise he did not seem annoyed that Jack was near me and obviously conversing. Instead, he made a remark that sent my hopes soaring to the blue sky.

"You understand," he said, tapping his pistol and looking at me very directly, "if you try to escape again, I shall shoot you." Things seemed to be looking up!

We had a long, hot march—the more fatiguing because we were both weak and had had no food that day. South-east of the city we came to a small coalmining town where we met a jeep. My spirits were not so high when I saw that the Young Major was sitting in it.

He was very affable, nodding and smiling at us; but we did not return his courtesy. After a few minutes conversation he got out and entered a restaurant, leaving us to climb into the jeep with Captain Li. I was very pleased to leave the Young Major behind us and continue our journey on wheels.

After some miles of open country, where we passed at intervals Chinese-manned flak batteries, presumably defending Pyongyang, we drew up at the entrance to a disused coalmine. We marched across the principal mine road to another office on the far side of the hill, where our names were taken by two North Korean army officers. Then we were escorted towards a group of huts nearby.

As we reached the doorway of the last hut, there was a great shout; welcoming words greeted us; on all sides friendly faces appeared: Henry, Spike, Mike, Ronnie (our gunner), Tom, Ron the Australian—and new friends, British, American, French. It was almost a second homecoming as we were borne inside.

It was a miserable little prison camp, part of the unworked coalmining settlement of Kang-dong, and known formerly by prisoners as "The Caves." In 1950 and until the summer of 1951, many United Nations prisoners had been crowded into old tunnels in the hillsides round about, often drenched by the water that ran in from underground streams. The numbers of men who had died in the black holes in the ground will never be known exactly. In cross-checking to find our friends, we accounted for over 250 deaths; but this is not the total figure.

Wounded—But He Tended Others

Terry—the last remaining platoon commander of "A" Company—was taken to The Caves in the summer of 1951. He had been a member of a column of seriously wounded captives which had marched slowly north from the Imjin River after the two main columns had set off.

Though he was in great pain from a wound in his leg and a terrible head injury, Terry set a splendid example on the march, caring, as best he could, for other serious casualties with him. By the time they reached The Caves the condition of many prisoners had deteriorated dangerously; for they had had no medical attention of any sort en route and many still wore the dressings, by now ragged and filthy, placed on their wounds by our medical staffs before capture.

One day, a North Korean colonel visited them

Hockley and his comrades were addressed daily say you gotta get outa your goldarn beds. O.K."

to put forward a proposition. "We realize," he said, "that your conditions are uncomfortable. We sympathize. I, myself, am powerless to help you—unless you are prepared to help us. If you care to join the Peace Movement to fight American aggression in Korea, we can take you to a proper camp where, in addition to better rations and improved accommodation, your wounds will be cared for by a surgeon."

Our men refused this offer, individually. But Terry, seeing their condition, their numbers dwindling, came to a decision on which he acted the next morning. He drew Sergeant Hoper to one side and said:

"I have thought this business over and have decided that you must go over to the 'Peace-Fighters' Camp.' Most of you will die if you stay here. Go over, do as little as you can: and remember always that you are British soldiers."

"What about you, sir?" asked Hoper.

"It is different for me," said Terry. "I am an officer; I cannot go. But I order you to go and to take our men with you."

Terry remained firm in his decision: and when the North Korean colonel returned, as they had guessed he would, Sergeant Hoper and his party left The Caves with a group of American soldiers. The colonel pressed Terry to accompany them, saying that he would not accept a final refusal then, but would return.

He returned four times. Armed with promises of an operation on Terry's wounds by a surgeon and of a special diet of eggs, milk and meat in place of the boiled maize, he failed each time.

Terry was a young subaltern, not long out of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Yet, irrespective of his service and youth, he was, he saw clearly, an officer representing the British Commonwealth in enemy country: by his actions the Commonwealth's reputation would be judged.

Quite simply, he was given a choice: life, and agreement to reject, at least outwardly, the principles for which he was fighting in Korea; or a steadfast adherence to those principles and death. Coolly, loyally, like the gallant officer he was, Terry chose death. And so he died.

Ramshackle Huts And Poor Food

Things were improved now; the caves were empty. We were in the quarters once occupied by the miners under the Japanese—quarters long since fallen into disrepair and quite inadequate for the severe winter temperatures which were yet to come. Already, in November, the cold kept us awake at night, though the rooms were overcrowded.

The food was poor: three meals a day of mixed corn and rice—very little rice—or a bowl of fresh, watery rice as an alternative, and a half bowl of thin cabbage or diacon soup. Occasionally—a recent innovation—there would be a small issue of the strong Korean tobacco, sufficient to make two or three cigarettes per man; but there was only one such issue during my stay.

There was not one man fit for a long march when, a few days after my arrival, we were taken out and searched, before setting off on the road to the Yalu River two hundred miles away. The few articles of padded clothing which had been distributed among us were removed, in spite of our protests, and many airmen left to endure the November winds in summer flying kit.

Our escorts were all officers. Second lieutenants carried burp-guns, the lieutenant in charge a pistol. We set off in the afternoon, carrying our special rations of rice and melki—little fish like whitebait that are caught off the east coast of Korea—which had probably been given to us to keep us fit for the march.

In the rear of the column came a cart, on which sat Tom, a sick American called Harold, who was only semi-conscious most of the time, and Madden, an Australian soldier who was so thin that he looked like a skeleton covered with a little skin.

I was very worried about Ronnie, who still had every sign of beri-beri. Henry, too, and many of the Americans caused us concern because of their dysentery. There was a little medicine available: aspirins. A fat girl-soldier accompanied the column, as medical orderly, to issue them to those who were very sick; but there were always too many sick men for the ration of aspirins available.

His Friends Died One By One

As the march continued I realized that my strength had been so sapped by my experiences in the jail at Pyongyang that I could not continue to walk. When I was placed on the cart, my condition continued to deteriorate: I found, to my horror, that the relapsing fever I had thrown off in Munha-ri during the summer months had returned.

Harold died on the second day of the march, after lying for two hours in a ditch outside a house in which the escorts were disporting themselves. A few nights later, Ronnie and I each fell into a coma, from which only I emerged alive.

Three more joined our cart: Henry, Ace—an air force lieutenant—and Dick, an American soldier. After a bitter night in a snow storm, Henry died. I would not, could not, believe he was dead, though his body lay beside me, cold and lifeless.

Finally, we arrived at a hospital, by which I mean a collection of mud huts in a Korean village. We received clean clothing—and there were even medicines in small quantities. But we

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Weakened by privation, Lieutenant Henry Cabral died beside Farrar-Hockley on a handcart during the prisoners' march north in the Korean winter

The padre—the Rev. F. J. Davies (centre)—with other officers before capture. As a prisoner, he defied the Chinese and carried on his duties

Tommy strode on down the burning-hot street—a wild, desperate figure. He had only one thought: there might yet be time to avert a disaster

THE FOOL IN CHARGE

by WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

Tommy Truesdale, manager. . . . Why, it was fantastic! Yet here he was, in sole charge—matching his wits against the craftiest man in town

WHEN THOMAS BABBINGTON TRUESDALE first went to Aden he was the only one who had no misgivings about it; yet those who knew him most intimately were rather glad to see him go. He was a gentle, easy-going young man who had grown into the habit of expecting things to be done for him.

His father and mother had been sentimental about him in the first place; and, in time, the navy had taken over in the rôle of a benign foster-parent who saw that everything was amply provided for whenever need arose. Life was easy for Tommy and, since he was a little lazy, he was quite unconcerned about the future.

A time came, however, when his father became alarmed at his indifference to the hazards of the future, and he mentioned his concern to his friend J. C. Tinsley, senior partner of Tinsley, Johnson and Jacobs, Exporters and Importers.

The shrewd Mr. Tinsley came up with a perfect suggestion. He had been trying with very little success to interest young Englishmen in foreign commerce and had found them singularly reluctant to take jobs as junior clerks at small pay in the faraway places.

"But he knows nothing about it," said Truesdale, senior. "His education has been along academic lines. And I doubt if the navy added much to it."

"All the better. He'll learn from the ground up. I'll send him to Aden." Tinsley was a huge, beefy man, and perspiration beaded his forehead at his recollection of Aden, which is on an ancient volcanic site at the lower entrance of the Red Sea. So Tommy went to Aden in a slow and dispiriting freighter.

And now, two months later, he was sitting in an office in the old Crater area of Aden in a state of mind that hung in balance between jubilation and panic.

Tommy's desk was at one end of a huge tiled room with a vaulted ceiling and lofty, recessed arches through which he could look across the flat roofs to the anchorage. Except for a few fishing boats that seemed to be stuck upon a glaucous sea, it was empty, and it was only the air that moved in waves about the white-hot buildings.

Glamorous though the scene might be, Tommy's eyes could not bear the glare, and a weight of weariness pressed his gaze down upon a maze of papers and ledgers that lay before him. He was dreadfully aware that instead of being a very junior clerk, he occupied the position of manager; and far more fully aware that he had not the foggiest idea what he should do about it.

Upon his arrival a month earlier, there had been two other Europeans above him; he was just an insignificant underling. Bertrand Fox, the manager, was a tall, lean man with dried flesh not unlike smoked venison, whitish lips and washed-out eyes, who had learned his business from boyhood. His assistant, Willy

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

Continued on page 33

Ivanovic stalks the sea-bed for thrills

by JACK ATACK

With a spear gun and diving gear, he goes duelling with fish on their home ground. The odds mount up when the man-eaters appear

AFTER FOUR DAYS' fishing for snappers, jacks and reef mullet off the south-east coast of Bali in October, 1952, Vane Ivanovic's luck had run out. At Benoa, a small port farther south, he made fresh inquiries, but was warned by natives that the waters were shark infested. Confident that he would be safe on the shore side of the reef, he hired a large fishing smack and put out with two Balinese fishermen and a friend.

About a hundred yards from shore he anchored, put on his equipment and plunged overboard. Ten feet below the surface, he came face to face with a six-foot, man-eating shark.

"Everything flashed through my mind at once," he says. "The boat rode five feet out of the water and, as I was wearing flippers, it would be a clumsy operation to get into it. Sharks are surface feeders and usually attack fish that are wounded or in trouble; my splashing might arouse it. I kept very still, with my arms by my side, pretending that I was another —and bigger—fish. After inspecting me, the shark made off for the open sea."

Such quick thinking is part of Ivanovic's stock in trade as a spearfisherman. A tall, lean, forty-one year old Yugoslav with a powerfully built body, Ivanovic is used to facing danger on the sea-bed. In twelve years he has spent more than a thousand hours under water, hunting sixty species of fish. He has fished off many coasts, including France, Spain, Ceylon, Japan, Hawaii, Jamaica and Madeira.

Tortuous Chase Through Rocks

One of the world's leading spearfishermen, Ivanovic describes the sport as "a test of skill and endurance—for those willing to take the risks." Reputedly begun in Asia, goggle swimming was first seen in Europe when Japanese "gogglers" visited the Great Exhibition at Barcelona in 1930. Modern spearfishing began in the south of France and spread quickly to other parts of the Mediterranean. Today there are more than four hundred spearfishing clubs and organizations throughout the world.

Studying fish in their own element, Ivanovic has been impressed by their speed, strength and bravery. A sea bass once led him a tortuous chase around underwater rocks for forty-five minutes before it was caught. At close range, Ivanovic once hit a nine-foot nurse-shark. It wrenched free, bent the tip of his harpoon at right angles and broke one of the barbs. "It swam off unconcernedly. I was humiliated."

At one time or another, Ivanovic has stalked and speared amberjacks, groupers, tarpons, stingrays, sharks, barracudas, mackerel, croakers, chubs, red and grey mullet, breams, grunts, wrasse, moray eels and snappers. "The grouper is the great prize. Killing your first grouper is like making your first million. In years to come, the strength of the grouper for its size will become legendary."

Just before sunset one summer evening, Ivanovic spotted a grouper off Majorca. As the light was fading quickly he could not estimate its size. He speared it at twenty feet, but it ran under a rock and hid. With a colleague, he took turns to dive down, tugging at the harpoon with the fish on the other end, and surfacing for breath. After thirty minutes they were exhausted, and decided to return the next morning. "It weighed a mere four pounds, yet it had fought to its last breath against overwhelming odds."

Wearing frogman's flippers and goggles, a spearfisherman plunges to a depth of twenty or thirty feet, stalks his prey, then releases his harpoon. In forty seconds, Ivanovic has plenty of time to dive, reach thirty feet, inspect holes

Vane Ivanovic with a grouper fish he speared in the Bahamas. Once, as he landed a grouper, an eight-foot shark tried to steal his catch

Ivanovic swims up with a catch. For deep diving he wears an aqualung with a compressed-air tube and a foam rubber coat to keep warm. On his feet are flippers; in his hand a spear gun

and rocks, spear—or miss—a fish, and surface. With compressed-air breathing apparatus, a spearfisherman can stay underwater for forty-five minutes at a depth of fifty feet.

Spearfishermen have developed their own underwater code. Some fish—the more decorative species—are never speared, and there is a limit to the numbers of certain species that can be caught in one day. Ivanovic does not kill fish that are inedible, and he will not use artificial breathing apparatus for more than one hour a day. He regards the most difficult techniques of spearfishing as the most sporting. "In modern spearfishing there is no room for those who are not prepared to run risks."

Encounter With The Sea Tiger

Ivanovic was fishing off-shore in the Bahamas when he noticed a barracuda—called "the tiger of the seas" because of its vicious reputation—circling him. A few days before he had discussed barracudas with colleagues in Nassau; they had concluded that the fish would attack a human being only in self-defence.

Remembering this, Ivanovic approached the barracuda slowly. To his consternation, it remained still and watched him carefully. He made several violent movements with his hand. Still it didn't move. With Ivanovic's gun only four feet away, the barracuda presented an ideal target. Then Ivanovic thought: what if it moves quickly and I miss? I would be helpless.

Rattled, he started swimming away, using the back crawl so that he could watch the fish in case it followed him. It did. "I hoped to attract the attention of someone nearby," he says. "Then I realized that, with my mask over my face, I could not shout, and I dared not take my eyes off the fish. I edged away slowly and managed to increase the distance between the barracuda and myself to about ten feet. As I came nearer to the shore the barracuda stopped following me, and I swam back to the beach."

Sharks, barracudas, moray eels and stingrays are generally regarded as the spearfisherman's greatest enemies. Ivanovic encountered his first shark off Nassau in 1950. "In the gathering darkness I was swimming back to shore over a coral reef, when I saw a shadowy form approaching me. I knew what it was. I edged away as slowly and quietly as possible. Though I used little effort to reach shore, my heart was nearly bursting through my ribs from fright."

Since then he has encountered twenty-eight sharks at close quarters. In spite of the dangers he is convinced that sharks and barracudas may soon provide the finest sport for spearfishermen. "The element of fear will always be there, but there are few thrills so deep and memorable."

According to Ivanovic, the stingray, a flat fish with a long, venomous tail, will not attack except in self-defence, but can be deadly if aroused. Normally it takes a harpoon for its enemy, and thrashes at it wildly. Ivanovic was swimming along the sea bottom off Majorca three years ago when he noticed something stir two feet below him. "It was a stingray, hiding in the sand. Its great eyes watched me as I swam over it. It made slight menacing movements, but, luckily, didn't strike."

A colleague was less fortunate. After hitting a two-hundred-pound stingray off Madeira he pulled it too close to him and was struck by the whip-like tail. "It cut through the muscle of his arm. He was in agony for hours, and it took several months for the wound to heal."

Though experience has taught him the dangers of fishing among sharks and barracudas, Ivanovic considers that man's physiology is his greatest enemy. Cramp, oxygen-poisoning, "depth drunkenness"—which results in a feeling of recklessness, blunting the instinct of self-preservation—are all perils to be watched.

When any piece of breathing apparatus goes wrong, spearfishermen are faced with a double problem: to regain their breath they must surface quickly, but if they surface too quickly they may get cramp. Ivanovic had descended eighty feet with a colleague last summer, when he spotted a large grouper. He fired, but the fish lunged away, snapping the line and carrying the harpoon with it. As he turned to surface to fetch another harpoon, Ivanovic hit his colleague's goggles and knocked them askew.

"I looked back," he says. "To my horror I noticed that the man's breathing tube had come out of his mouth. Water was entering his mask, so he could not see. He broke surface quickly and yelled for help. I grabbed him, held his head above water and pulled him back to the dinghy. We worked on him for several minutes before he came round."

Ivanovic himself has had several near escapes under water. Once he was exploring the coast off Majorca when he found himself anchored to a rock. "The current had wrapped the line round my ankles. Part of it was snarled in the rocks. Running out of breath, I had to slit the line with a knife and leave my harpoon behind."

Shark Flashed Out Of Nowhere

Landing fish calls for as much patience and skill as stalking them. A stingray must be pulled in slowly, with the spearfisherman keeping clear of its venomous tail. But there are other complications. Once Ivanovic was pulling in a grouper when he heard a swishing, and saw an eight-foot shark flash out of nowhere at the injured fish. The shark missed. Immediately it stopped, "as if braking," and turned back. "I stopped pulling in the grouper and the shark left, thinking it was out of trouble."

Ivanovic's equipment is simple and inexpensive. He uses goggles and a mask, a spear or harpoon, frogmen's flippers, a fish ring for carrying his catch, a knife, a knitted cotton or wool shirt, wool trunks and a depth gauge. Goggles cost about £1, flippers £2 and hand spears £6. Breathing equipment averages £40, and an air compressor costs at least £300. Artificial breathing equipment is not necessary for satisfactory fishing, however. Most of the expense of the sport is incurred in getting to proper fishing grounds.

Occasionally, Ivanovic meets a new underwater creature. Off the Coronados Islands, near Mexico, last summer, he was chasing a small fish when an enormous form sprang into view. "It had a brown body and a large, moustached face. I thought it was a new type of underwater monster. It turned out to be a four-hundred-pound Californian sea lion. Soon I was surrounded by hundreds. They inspected me casually, then swam away—their dignity marred only by their blatant curiosity."

While he was stalking a small fish off Majorca, he was surprised to see a bird at a depth of fifteen feet. "It was a cormorant—a bird that preys on fish. I decided it would be a new twist if I could spear a bird under water, and went after it. It was a queer procession, with me chasing the bird and the bird chasing the fish—all under water."

Octopus Made Women Scream

Ivanovic likes to debunk some of the wilder stories about the underwater continent. His chief target is the legend of the man-eating octopus. Once, after hotel guests showed no interest in his many hard-won catches, he turned up with an octopus on his shoulder and dumped it in the hotel's swimming pool.

"It created a sensation. Women and children screamed. Actually, it was harmless. Unless its tentacles are longer than a man's outstretched arm, an octopus can do no harm. Even then, to be dangerous, it has to grip on to a rock with three of its tentacles. Usually I pluck octopuses up bare handed and bring them to the surface, much as I do with lobsters.

"I have only once seen a man attacked and killed by one. It was a rubber octopus—in a Hollywood picture." THE END

Nightmare in Copenhagen

by MARTHA ALBRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

They had been expecting to meet a Russian agent. The man who arrived was a bitter surprise: he was someone known to them all

WHAT DOES A MAN DO if he has to choose between the life of his friend and the safety of his country? For Richard Parker, a young British scientist, the problem was a nightmare. He was in love with Helga Oersted, whose brother, Anders, was a prisoner of the Russians in Eastern Germany. The Russians were offering to release him in exchange for a sample of an important new explosive—and only Richard knew where it was hidden. The answer to their offer depended on him. . . .

Richard had heard about the explosive from a fisherman called Mogens, a huge, aggressive man, who had brought up in his net one day a metal container from a sunken German U-boat. He had taken it to Anders, who told him to keep it secret: it contained a sample of explosive which the Russians—only a few miles away on the East German frontier—would give a lot to lay their hands on.

There had been no trace of the container in Anders's laboratory at the Oersteds' farm near Helsingor, so Richard had gone to his friend's flat in Copenhagen. There he had found Anders's German assistant, Otto Severin, searching a desk. But Severin seemed concerned only with his employer's regular researches; apparently, Anders hadn't told him about the explosive.

Returning, dispirited, to the farm, Richard had been handed a key and a map. They were from Anders. At once, his spirits rose. The map showed a house near the Swedish village of Viken—where Anders must have hidden the explosive.

Then came news of the Russian proposal. Anders would be released if the container was handed over in twenty-four hours. . . .

Richard faced Helga and Anders's two close friends, Iver Larsen and Dr. Frederik Gabel, and told them his decision. He could not surrender the explosive; he would be surrendering everything he—and Anders—believed in.

In the silence that followed, he saw Helga turn away from him, saw the hatred in her eyes. Anders was her brother; it was useless to try to make her understand. All Richard could think now was: *I must get to Viken, and find the explosive before they stop me.* Choosing his moment, he slipped out to his car.

As he drew away, he saw Iver Larsen run from the house, and heard Helga's anguished cry: "Stop him, Iver! Stop him!"

PART 3

The House At Viken

THE RED ROOFS OF HELSINGOR. Richard never saw them. The traffic on the road that led along the seashore, by-passing most of the old and lovely town, was heavy, and on the stretch just before the harbour, cars stood in long lines, waiting to get on the ferry for the twenty-five minute trip to Sweden.

His manner was casual, his smoking like a studied insult. "I was told," he said, "you wanted me to pass on a message to Oersted"

Without hesitation, Richard abandoned his plan to take the car across. He drove past the station and on until he reached a small harbour a mile out of town, which he had passed earlier that morning on his way to Mogens. Here, among privately owned yachts, lay boats for hire.

A few minutes later, Richard was sitting on the cushioned bench in the stern of a small, fast motor craft. For the first time then, looking back at the shore, he relaxed. Nobody, as far as he knew, had followed him. And now, alone, he could no longer suppress the doubts that assailed him.

He could not remember, word by word, what they had said—Helga, the lawyer and the doctor—but their voices kept ringing in his mind, their accusations, their reasoning, their devotion to Oersted.

What if Anders had not written the letter in the face of expected danger, as Richard was assuming? But if he had resigned himself to death because he saw no way of escape, how did he feel now that his life could be saved? Was Anders at this moment waiting for his release, convinced that Richard, knowing where he could find the explosive, would exchange one for the other?

The boat tied up in Halsingborg harbour a short distance from the ferry station. There was no passport control. Richard, who had not known that this formality had been abolished between Sweden and Denmark, thought with despair that anyone could avoid the law by simply anchoring along the coast, just as he was doing, or pretending to be of Danish nationality. How easy it must have been for any Russian agent to follow Anders!

He walked back to the ferry station. There was no need to pull out the map and look at it again. Already his mind had registered every mark and mile. At the foot of the monumental staircase leading up to the King Oscar II terrace, he found a taxi. Not quite half an hour later, he reached the fishing village of Viken.

HERE he dismissed the taxi and started to walk. After one mile, he left the road and turned right along a small path which led through some meagre, crippled pines and birches towards the dunes. Quite unexpectedly, a few minutes later, he reached the house.

It had a thatched roof like that of the Oersteds', but was small in comparison, and from where he stood it seemed completely isolated. Perhaps it was the loneliness of its location that made Richard turn instinctively.

The path along which he had just come lay deserted under the afternoon sun. Ahead of him, no one was to be seen; yet, Richard told himself, the house might be watched. Whoever had abducted Anders might very well know of his arrival, and, in spite of the bargain offered, be afraid that a sample of the explosive might be taken before delivery of the container.

He went up the sandy path. And as he neared the entrance he saw the name spelled out in seashells cemented into the first of five steps: "Frigga."

The moment he reached the top step, the atmosphere of desolation changed, for from here he could see other roofs between the dunes, and suddenly he heard voices. But they were the voices of children playing on the beach in front of the house, of summer guests swimming, of fishermen a little farther to the right, mending their nets. Nobody seemed to notice him.

He went around the house once more—quickly now, as though it were of the utmost importance that he should lose no time—then inserted the key in the door, and entered.

The shuttered, closed windows had kept sun and warmth out of the rooms, and for a second he stood, waiting for his eyes to get used to the

dimness; then, with the caution of a burglar, avoiding any sound, mind and body aware of the possibility that his visit might be expected, he went through the entire house.

Nothing seemed to be disturbed or touched. Dust had collected on the shiny top of the desk, a little sand had blown in through the primitive windows, which did not close properly, the beds were stripped, the linen neatly folded in a closet. Apparently, Anders had never slept here. Obviously this place was a beach cottage, let during the season, and not a steady home. To whom did it belong? Who had let it to Anders?

Disturbing the neatness everywhere, he searched systematically for more than an hour, dismissing a sudden fear that someone had been here before him. But even if Frigga had been searched and its tidiness restored, nothing could have been found; otherwise the Russians would not have offered to return Anders in exchange for the container.

It was then, when, at a complete loss, he was gazing about him, that it occurred to him that the container might not be in the house at all. Anders had sent him not only a key but also a map. There was no reason why Anders should not have buried it on the property somewhere among the dunes. And the exact spot would, of course, be marked on the map. Like a fool, instead of looking at the drawing, he had wasted time.

But there was no mark on the map—not a cross, not a line, not a circle. Only the figures giving the distances between each leg of the trip stood out prominently: *3, 6, 9, 1, 1.*

Richard stared at them. The map in his hand began to shake. Suddenly he could see the rows and rows of containers on the shelves in Anders's laboratory, not one bearing the usual label from which their contents could be read; all numbered. Richard, when they had worked together first, had cursed his friend for this habit, which seemed to him time-wasting, but Anders had answered: "My father taught it to me. He claimed that it was wiser to let nobody know what stuff one had used in an experiment."

Anders had never hidden the explosive in this house; had used this house only to make whoever he suspected believe that he was keeping it there.

Richard snapped open his lighter. Within a few seconds the flame had obliterated the fine, precise drawing of the map. A tiny heap of black ashes was all that remained on the table. One thing was clear. Anders had not been willing to surrender the explosive to his enemies even when he saw himself cornered. He had taken, rather, the chance of being killed.

In his agony, Richard seized at this thought. For him, even more than his friend's life was involved. His decision included the loss of Helga. But he did not allow his mind to linger over the memory of the hatred in her eyes, her cold voice, her cruel words.

Had Anders intended anyone else to share his knowledge, he would never have thought of this device. The name of the place and the house would have been enough. He had drawn the map because it was his only chance to let Richard know where he could find the container without giving its hiding place away should the letter fall into other hands. But that did not answer his question. Circumstances had changed.

Richard rose. He walked over to one of the windows and opened it wide. In his concentration on the search, he had not noticed the sudden change in the weather. Now the beach was deserted. Heavy clouds hung low and the waves rolled in, angry and white-crested. He tried to imagine Anders standing at this window, staring out at the sea; seeing a group of men coming up to the cottage, one or two or three; going to the entrance door to discover a stranger standing between the dunes; and going back to the room to draw the map, to put it in an envelope and perhaps call out to a child playing in the sand or a boy fishing at the little wooden pier, to hand him the letter for posting. Perhaps nothing like this had happened. Perhaps. . . .

Richard had no time to turn. The blow struck him from the back so unexpectedly and with such force that all consciousness left him.

For a long time after he came to, he could not determine where he was. His head was spinning, his jaw hurt and his whole body seemed to move quite independently, up and down, up and down, as if someone were lifting him only to throw him down again, and every time he was tossed back, his shoulder blades were struck by something hard and painful. Everything about him was dark.

Gradually his hearing began to function again. There was the steady noise of a motor running. The moment he heard the splash of water he smelled it, too, and with the smell of water came the smell of oil. A boat.

Richard tried to sit up, but found he couldn't move. He was jammed into a space between the open hatch and the bulkhead. Then his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and he saw that a small glimmer of reddish light shone to his left. And in this glimmer he could make out two sturdy legs in high black boots, and, gradually, the figure of a man in an oilskin, with his arms on the wheel. The boat pitched and rolled, and the chain that held the hatch open broke; the hatch slammed shut. Richard was thrown clear across the space of the tiny wheelhouse, and the man at the wheel, without turning, said: "Don't try any funny business. There's nobody here but us two, and you wouldn't know how to handle this ship."

He must be dreaming. It seemed impossible that this man should speak with Mogens's voice. Richard stretched out his hand to brace himself, found that he was grabbing a mattress and pulled himself up on a bunk. For a long time he sat, staring into the turbulent water. Last night all his suspicions had been directed against Mogens; this morning he had dismissed them, believed the story he had been told. Now once more this man became untrustworthy. The story itself might be true—true in so far that Mogens had fished the container out of the sea and sold it to Anders. But what had happened after that?

If only he could think clearly. There was the neck of a bottle sticking out of the pocket of Mogens's coat.

"Let me have a drink," said Richard.

Mogens turned then, took out the bottle and handed it to Richard, but remained standing in such a position that, should Richard use it as a weapon, he would not be taken unaware. The brandy burned Richard's throat.

"Don't know why I didn't kill you," said Mogens. "Felt like killing you, to tell you the truth. Might still kill you." He pocketed the bottle, this time on the other side of his body, where Richard could not reach around so easily.

"Know what they call a man like you in my country?" said Mogens. "A stinking swine. A swine," he repeated. "If you can save a friend's life, and you don't, then you're nothing but a stinking swine."

Richard decided to say nothing, and, after a while, Mogens went on, muttering to himself: "Miss Helga calls me. Calls to tell me that Anders is alive, and then she starts crying so hard she can't speak any more. So I go up to the farm. And there they are—Gabel and Larsen and the old and the young miss—all talking like mad. Couldn't make head or tail of it until Larsen explained. And while they were still discussing what they should do, how they could stop you from handing over the stuff to your people here, I acted. Words never lead to anything, I said to myself. Cleverer people than the doctor and the lawyer have made a mess of things just by talking too much and doing too little."

If Mogens had betrayed Anders to the Russians, then it was a clever move on his part to pretend now that nothing mattered but to save Anders by regaining the explosive.

"This morning," said Mogens, "only this morning, I told you I felt badly, like a murderer, and what do you do but try to make one of me? Think I would allow you or anyone to point at me and say: 'There, if it hadn't been for Mogens——'"

He swung round, facing Richard. "And you his friend," he said. "He thought you were his friend. Well, if that's friendship for you——" He straightened up suddenly and struck Richard a vicious blow. . . .

There was no doubt about it, Helga was glad that Mogens had acted on his own and taken his boat to Sweden and caught Richard.

"It's none of your business," she said to Mogens, but the tenseness left her face and she smiled at the fisherman. Richard, slumped in a corner of the couch, turned his head away from her, as though, by not looking at her, it was possible to think that none of this was true. But he could not avoid hearing her voice —a golden voice, he had thought, when he

Pain and dizziness were surging through his hea

He heard Mogens speaking: the man wanted to hit him again, to force him to talk. Then Helga's voice, urgent, appealing: "No! Not any more!"

had heard it first, four years ago in London.

"Iver and Freddie have gone," she said. "They decided that someone had to stop Mr. Parker after all, and when they saw the storm coming up, they left before it was too late. They must have reached Frigga a little after you got there. Where is the stuff?"

"Not on him," said Mogens. "I looked him over carefully. It must be still at Frigga. But I couldn't find it. Then I thought it would relieve your mind to bring him back here as quickly as I could, so's you could question him. Don't worry, Miss Helga. We'll make him tell us where it is."

Richard closed his eyes. Pain and dizziness surged through his head. He didn't want to look at Mogens standing over him, fists doubled.

Helga came across the room quickly, putting herself between the two men. "No!" she said. "Not any more." Then she turned to the couch. "Richard, you must understand—you simply must understand that to me, to his friend, Anders's life. . . ."

He pretended not to have heard, to be passing out. He felt a warm hand closing around his, not Helga's hand, and a second later Ulla Rasmussen's soft, low voice said, alarmed, "You hurt him, Mogens."

"I expect I did."

He waited for Helga to say something to Mogens or to him, some small, polite word.

But Helga remained silent. Niels was coming into the room now—he could tell by the old man's steps. "Let me help you to bed, Herre Parker. Can you get up?"

Braced by the servant, Richard rose from the couch, crossed the living-room and was led into his bedroom.

"Should I help you undress?"

Richard looked up at the old man. Yesterday the voice telling him that no visitors were received so late had sounded forbidding enough; now it was unmistakably hostile. How much of all that had been said had Niels overheard? The hostility of an enemy you can ignore, or accept as a challenge; the hostility of people you had hoped would like you was hard to take. For a moment, Richard felt lost, felt like reaching out a hand and saying to Niels: "You've known Anders all your life, as a child, as a youth. Tell me what he would want me to do." But all he said in the end was: "No, thanks. I just want to rest a while."

Niels, as though glad he would have to spend no more time with him, withdrew, and Richard took off his jacket, loosened his tie and went into the bathroom. His shirt was torn, there was some dried blood between his nose and mouth, and his upper lip was split. He slapped cold water on his face, thinking grimly that this was what Helga had meant when she had told Mogens it had been none of his business, a mild reproach for having beaten him up, but not, as he had thought, for interfering with him.

He reached for the door to go back into his room, but he made a mistake; the door he opened led out into a narrow corridor. From there, another door seemed to be the back entrance to the house. He might never again have as good an opportunity as this to reach the laboratory unobserved.

The rain had stopped, but the wind was still high. Without looking to right or left, Richard ran across the meadow, past the farm buildings, never stopping until he entered the lab. He did not dare switch on the light, but used his

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"You can't rely on luck," says the chief of the railway police. To ambush the train gangs, he has buried himself under a pile of sacks, spent the night on a load of pig iron—and let card-sharpers cheat him of his money

William Richards outwits the railway thieves

by LEWIS GREIFER

A PERSISTENT, UNPREDICTABLE jewel thief was systematically robbing railway passengers some time ago. William Bertram Richards, now Chief Officer of the British Transport Commission Police, was detailed to trap him. Richards knew only that for nearly six months substantial claims for losses from personal baggage between London and Hull had been coming in at the rate of one a week. Nobody knew where the thefts had taken place, or even the exact time.

Richards began to travel between London and Hull in the rôle of a businessman.

For a fortnight he learned nothing new—until one day he had lunch with a railway official. Richards was explaining how difficult it was to find a "Peter" (luggage thief), who could be hundreds of miles away by the time a loss was discovered, when suddenly he stiffened. A ruby tiepin his host was wearing fitted the description of a piece of missing jewellery.

"Later," says Richards, "I found that everything he had on, from his spats to his hair oil, was stolen. He had a company pass and enough keys to open every piece of baggage on the line."

Normally, Richards, a frank-eyed, thoughtful Hertfordshire man, who in forty-five years has served in every rank of the Transport Police, deliberately excludes the element of chance from his calculations. "When your 'manor' is fifty-one thousand miles of railway track you can rule out luck. Your main safeguards are patience, thoroughness and then more patience."

Once he had to wait nearly three years before he was able to trap members of a London gang who specialized in raiding sidings. Their run of success ended the night they raided a train which contained nothing but empty cigarette cartons—and twelve of Richards's officers.

The Transport Police—the largest force in Britain after the Metropolitan Police—are responsible for the prevention of crime on a "beat" stretching from John-o'-Groats to Land's End. "Crime" means anything from arson to petty fare bilking.

Runaway Engines Caused Chaos

In one year, besides dealing with more than ten thousand routine offenders, the force coped with a confidence trickster who caught thirty servicemen with the same story at London's Waterloo Station, a man who burned down a small station near Huddersfield, lead thieves who stripped trains so thoroughly that four of them had to be taken out of commission, and a trainload of soccer fans who stole every electric-light bulb on a cup-tie "special."

"Once," says Richards, "we were even faced with the problem of engines that ran away." It happened some years ago at Crewe. Engines in the sheds went careering down the line on their own. Traffic at the sheds was brought to a state of near-chaos before the culprit—a disgruntled coaler—was caught in the act.

Larceny from goods trains is the most urgent and complex of the force's problems. Of the £300,000,000 worth of "vulnerable" traffic carried by British Railways last year, £1,172,000 was reported lost or stolen in transit. In 1948, a peak year for railway crime, the figure was nearly £3,000,000.

Thieves combine ingenuity with boldness. One gang bribed unscrupulous railwaymen to uncouple wagons at unprotected sidings so that they could be ransacked at leisure. Two years ago, three men cut a hole in a compartment wall on an express to reach goods worth £10,000.

"They had a sense of humour, too," says Richards. "Before getting out at the next station they replaced the cut-out section then covered the saw marks with a typical British Railways picture of bathers at Worthing."

Criminals have the advantage of unlimited terrain in which to operate. On a night when Richards was investigating the theft of whisky from a train at Berwick, the gang responsible got away with carpets worth £6,000 from a train near Market Drayton, in Shropshire. Recently, a group known to the police as the Midlands Mob was rounded up. When the leader was arrested in a caravan near some sidings, detectives found marked maps showing goods depots, marshalling yards, junction stops, lay-bys and every mile of railway track between Birmingham and the Scottish border.

"The trouble is that it is obviously impossible for us to watch every wagon—and thieves know it," says Richards.

Vans are secured with padlocks which require a seven-ton leverage to remove, and hoop-sealed with steel wire half an inch thick, but thieves break in with little difficulty. At one time, most of the men of a Welsh village were regularly plundering freight trains. Their method was to grease the rails heavily at a steep gradient; then, while the engine-driver and fireman were sanding the track, they would descend on the wagons with bolt-croppers, hacksaws and crowbars.

"They always took the precaution of choosing a moonless night," says Richards. "The first time we set a trap for them it was so dark that my men caught each other. The next time we had dogs with us."

Richards has ridden half a million miles of track in the course of duty. He has travelled on the footplate of a locomotive dressed in greasy overalls, buried himself under sacks and worked as a ganger, a porter and a steam-raiser. Once he lay throughout a cold winter night on a bed of pig-iron with a tarpaulin for a blanket.

To tempt organized gangs, he plants decoy wagons and puts about false information in public houses frequented by known railway criminals. One of his detectives was at one time acting as go-between for a London gang and their receiver. Another of his men had himself stolen. He was hidden in a wicker hamper which sneak thieves took from a delivery van in Camden Town, London, and drove across the city to a warehouse near the docks. "It's lucky he wasn't shipped to Australia," says Richards.

Richards does not over-romanticize his job. "In essence, it is thoroughgoing, unspectacular detective work—plus, perhaps, a little intuition." Art treasures, bullion and other

Chief Officer Richards, on an inspection visit to London's Paddington Station, stands by while a woman sergeant gives advice to a traveller

With one of his detectives, Richards (centre) checks the safety of passengers' luggage on a train. Sometimes his men dress as holidaymakers to trap pilferers

Dogs are used on freight guard patrols and sometimes take part in night ambushes—as one train gang learned too late

precious goods are given special security. Banks generally send packages on passenger trains under armed guard.

For two days each week Richards works from his office in Marylebone checking claims for losses—about 250,000 claims are made each year—and regional crime reports in order to decide which areas need extra surveillance. His main handicap is that claims are often made weeks after the theft. "That's where intuition is really useful," he says. A hunch once led him to anticipate an ambush by twenty-four hours.

Because of the wide area for which he is responsible, Richards puts a particularly high value on "grapevine" information and confidential tips. Last year, a telephone call from a woman led him to arrest one of the most elusive gangs in the south.

"Bargains" Were Stolen Goods

Another time it was the "Shopping Hints" column of a local newspaper that gave detectives their lead. Among a number of "bargains" mentioned were Christmas puddings that had been stolen from a railway station a few days before.

"But not all tips are as reliable as those," says Richards. A detective once stood in the snow for twelve hours while the thieves who had given him the false information were raiding a train twenty miles away.

Detectives assigned to a "black" spot have come to expect danger. So many constables were assaulted in some sidings near Glasgow that the area was known to the police as "Ambulance Alley." Superintendent Bill Wallis, a laconic, muscular Londoner who is Richards's chief crime deputy, recalls a job on the Irish Mail which lasted a full month. "I was after a thief who specialized in taking cameras and other valuable articles from passengers' luggage," he says. For five hours every day, Wallis crouched uncomfortably in the bellows between the engine tender and the forward luggage van on the Euston-Holyhead express, watching for the thief. "All I got in thirty days was a backache and a nasty chill from the draught."

On the thirty-first day, as the train was leaving Holyhead Town Station for the Admiralty Pier, Wallis found his man. He had just selected an expensive-looking dressing-case when the detective burst in. "I learned later that I might as well have spent the previous thirty days sitting at home," says Wallis. "The man was a shunter who had been in hospital for a month."

Thefts by railway servants add more than half a million pounds to the bill British Railways pay annually in compensation. Last year, nearly one-third of the prosecutions for larceny were against railwaymen. At King's Cross, where the police watch had been doubled, thieves turned caves under the platforms into a storehouse for their loot.

To combat pilfering, Richards's men are trained to keep observation from concealed positions. They dress as railwaymen, carry suitcases like holidaymakers and occasionally team up with women officers of the force to give the appearance of courting couples.

By an old trick, Detective Margaret Ward, one of the force's policewomen, once caught a thief redhanded: through the mirror of her handbag she watched him steal a small parcel from a trolley.

Women officers are normally employed on traffic control duties—they handle the whole of Paddington Station—but occasionally they are given special assignments. In 1950, after a number of assaults on women on a suburban line, Richards asked for women detectives to act as decoys. Two new recruits who promptly volunteered arrested a man within twelve hours.

Men and women patrol the nationalized docks, canals and railway hotels as well as the railways. Trespassers are the largest single group of offenders. They can be a serious menace. Once, an eleven-year-old Scots boy, who climbed an embankment ostensibly to pick flowers, went on to experiment with a lump of granite; he ended by derailing the Edinburgh express.

The practice of trying to drop missiles from bridges down the funnels of passing trains has cost the railways hundreds of pounds in broken glass—because often the target is missed and a train window struck instead. "It has also blinded three engine-drivers," says Richards.

Honoured For Security Work

On Richards's key-chain hangs a battered old whistle. It is the one given to him when he joined the L.M.S. police as a fifteen-year-old trainee. "In those days," he recalls, "the term 'railway copper' had a derogatory ring." Since then several of his men have been decorated, two with the King's Medal, the senior police award for gallantry. Richards himself received the M.V.O. in 1947 for his security work on Royal train journeys.

Methods have changed since the days of the main-line companies, when each had its own police, but essentially the struggle is the same. "It's the clever criminal against the alert detective, and the smarter man comes out on top."

Once, Richards and another officer played nap with two professional card-sharpers all the way from Chester to London, with the detectives watching every deal like hawks. "My colleague lost about three pounds ten and I lost a pound," says Richards. "The sharpers got three months apiece." THE END

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

Continued from page 17

were so sick, so weak, that one by one the remainder of the group died: Ace, Madden, Dick—someone died nearly every day.

My recovery was a long and difficult struggle. Early on, I had made up my mind that to remain on my bed day after day might be literally fatal. I decided that I had to get up each day, if only for a little while, and walk a few paces.

I could hardly stand the first day; it was cold outside and warm within my hut; dressing was a great effort.

Yet each day I managed to push myself outside the hut and walk a set number of paces; twenty-five the first day, thirty the next, and so on, increasing my walk by five paces a day. By the spring, I must be fit again to escape.

I forced myself to eat the food which, at first, I could not even smell without feeling sick. But by Christmas Day I was a walking patient and able to visit the wards to say a prayer and sing two carols with a small group of diehards.

A Bill For Treatment

The day came when I was asked to pay my hospital fees. There had been a first demand about two weeks before, when we had been asked to send a New Year's greeting to Mao Tse-tung and Kim Il Sung.

I had informed all the patients that we should not do so.

Then we were asked to fill in a so-called International Red Cross form in respect of the two doctors and nurses who had Red Cross membership cards. In the faint hope that our names might be delivered to the International Red Cross Committee, I wrote: "Dr. X and Dr. Y, Nurse A and Nurse B, members of the Chinese Red Cross, have attended me at the Headquarters of Prison Camp No. 3 during the period in which I have been recovering from recurring fever and malnutrition."

I signed this. Then I dictated the same thing to Sergeant Hensen—one of the American infantry sergeants in the hospital—and got him to include the number, rank and name of every patient in the hospital. Mr. Li, the hospital interpreter, said it was not sufficient, but saw that he would get nothing more after we had argued for about an hour, and let it go at that. But I knew then that the time was approaching for a reckoning.

One sunny morning, I was strolling down towards the frozen shore. I had just seen the better of the two doctors, who had told me that I should stay in the hospital for about six more weeks.

My thoughts were disturbed by a hail from a little, sharp-eyed Chinese who had evidently been looking for me. He carried a camera in his hand.

"I think you are getting very well," he said, without bothering to say who he was. I agreed that the condition of my health had improved.

"I think this is due to the skill of the comrades of the Chinese Peoples' Volunteers. I think you are very grateful to them."

Recalled The Cruelty

With the memory of Henry, Ronnie, and the many, many others still fresh in my mind, I replied: "I think that the Chinese Peoples' Volunteers are merely mending what they have broken."

But he was not to be put off in this way.

"I think you shall write for us a day-by-day account of your recovery, explaining how each member of the staff has helped you."

"I'm afraid I cannot do that."

He might not have heard me. "Yes, and you shall have some pictures taken with the staff. I shall take some pictures with this camera now. We will find the doctor and the nurses."

I felt that he had to be told plainly how I felt: I told him.

We had a hot argument, both became angry, and finally parted when he told me that he gave me twenty-four hours to think it over. On the following day he returned at about eleven and asked me how I felt.

I said: "You had my answer yesterday. It is the same answer today."

He looked at me angrily with his bright little brown eyes as we stood in the courtyard outside the door to my hut. "You are not grateful for all we have done. You do not deserve to get well," he said.

It may have been the purest coincidence that, on the evening of the same day, I was told that the doctors had changed their minds about my condition: they were going to discharge me the following day.

Early one morning, I climbed aboard a truck bound for Pyoktong. It was January 15, 1952. Even if I were not completely fit, it was a great joy to think that I was going to rejoin so many of my comrades from the battalion.

At headquarters in Pyoktong I was received by an English-speaking Chinese and two girls, who gave me a seat and were very polite while they waited for my documents. One of the girls, little more than a child, began to converse in very good English which she said she had learned in Chungking.

She asked me if it was true that conditions of life in Britain were really as bad as she had been told. Were people really starving to death? How could we stand such conditions, such oppression from our government? Why didn't we back the Communist Party's liberation movement?

I began to tell her that Mr. Harry Pollitt could not get popular support for his movement—liberation or otherwise—because people felt that he had nothing better to offer them than they had already; that many suspected he had a good deal less. She could not believe this. With her own eyes she had read details of the hunger of the workers—hunger that her Chinese comrades had known to the full before Liberation and the establishment of the New China under Chairman Mao.

Of course, she added modestly, deprecatingly, she was not a true worker, but came from the bourgeoisie; but she was trying hard to live it down. Her blushes were swept away by a flush of enthusiasm as she began to tell me of the success they had experienced in solving China's old, old problem of famine.

"What will your mother and wife do this year in England when the floods spread over your rice paddy?" she asked. "What will your family find to eat?"

Before I could reply to this interesting question, documents arrived; and the young Chinese, after reading them, seemed rather less cordial than before. I was taken away to a hut just outside the main camp and left alone with a small pamphlet that the girl insisted I should read. It was called "One step forward, two steps back" and was written by the late V. I. Lenin.

Glancing at the title, I had a feeling that V. I. Lenin must have had one or two experiences in common with me.

Next day, the guard took me through the narrow side streets up to the main road, and then up the hill to the hospital in the old temple. But we had come to the wrong place and had to go back to the road below. I climbed on to the truck waiting there.

We drove along the snow- and ice-bound roads in the darkness. The moon was waning; only the pale starlight showed us the outlines of hills and valleys, of scattered villages and hamlets along the way. After about an hour we drew up in a village street. The guards indicated that we should alight and led the way over a ploughed field to a large Korean house.

We waited for more than three hours, sitting round a stove which smoked abominably. At last, at about half past ten, we were led through a barbed-wire fence, searched at a house, called "the company headquarters," by two very irritable Chinese who had been awakened to do it, led on into a compound and thrust into a small house.

Three men sat up in their blankets, blinking in the dim electric light. I was delighted to see that one of the faces belonged to Anthony, the Intelligence Officer of the Fifth Fusiliers. I realized that my hopes had been fulfilled: I had reached the camp containing my friends.

Back With His Friends

The Colonel and all the officers and warrant officers taken in the 29th Brigade battle on the Imjin River in April, 1951, were there, except for Ronnie, Henry, Beverley and Terry, who had died. With them were the officers captured in the New Year, 1951, when we had fought a rear-guard action north of Seoul.

From the Rifles, I found Joe, James, Robin and Sandy, their doctor; and from the Gunners, Spud, whose comrade had died on the march north. These five had suffered terribly as prisoners in the bitter cold of January and February, 1951; and at one time or another had suffered, too, from the cruelty of their captors. Spud, for instance, had been strung up by his thumbs and, worse, experienced the agony of pins being thrust underneath his fingernails.

In spite of it all, they were relatively fit, thanks to an improvement in the diet since the preceding Thanksgiving Day and, not least, to their own splendid spirit. Only Denis was actually sick, lying at that moment in the camp "hospital" with pneumonia.

I looked in on Tom, Ron and Jack, whom I had not seen since November, and found Duncan, whom I had left in his bunker the previous September when I escaped to the coast. They had kept him there for a further seventy days, during which time he never once came outside, even to make a visit to the latrine. He had swollen up with beri-beri as a result, though, by now, he was on the road to recovery.

Irksome Camp Routine

The daily routine in the camp, though often irksome, was very simple. Within a week, a newcomer felt that he had been following it for months.

At dawn, the compound was roused by the Chinese and assembled on the square for physical training exercises or, occasionally, taken for a short, escorted walk along the road. What made this so tiresome was that after returning, washing and tidying one's quarters, there was a wait of two and a half hours until breakfast.

After the meal the school bell was rung for morning political study. A lunch break followed—there was no lunch—and the afternoon study session commenced at two o'clock, ending at four. The second meal was at half past; and this was followed, again, by further study in small groups. At nine o'clock the lights were extinguished at the main. This was the weekday routine.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the fare was the same at both

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

WHEN his flower beds were damaged by people taking a short cut across his garden late at night, Mr. Spring determined to teach the trespassers a lesson.

He rigged a booby-trap beside a tree, in such a way that an unsuspecting person who stepped into a noose of rope would be thrown to the ground. Spring had no intention to harm his victim, but merely to frighten him.

Shortly after the trap had been set, Dick and Harry, two eighteen - year - olds, climbed through the wire fence and sneaked across the garden on their way home from a visit to the cinema.

Harry was flung down so violently by Spring's trap, that he broke his ankle.

Simultaneously, Dick trod on a rake left accidentally beside the path. The handle flew up, hit his head and gave him severe concussion. Subsequently, Spring had two writs issued against him. Both the boys demanded damages for personal injuries.

"I cannot be held responsible," Spring told the court. "The boys were trespassers, and as a property occupier, I am under no obligation to make my garden safe for people who enter it illegally.

"I did not intend to hurt Harry with my trap—if it had been a spring-gun, which would certainly have injured him, I might have been liable. Dick's injury was his own bad luck—he should have looked where he was going. In any case, the boys had no right to be there."

"Spring knew people crossed his land," replied the boys. "It was in a dangerous state, and therefore he is liable."

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 28

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[NCT 78]

meals: rice—very bad rice in those winter days—and diacon soup. On Tuesdays we had rice and beans for the evening meal and two and a half buns of bread. On Saturdays, though we had no bread, there were beans to relieve the monotony of the diet in the evening. And on Sundays and Thursdays—what a feast we had! Rice and pork soup in the morning, pork stew and bread in the evening.

Every ten days there was a small issue of sugar to each man, and a packet of tobacco. With this came two sheets of paper, each equal to four foolscap sheets: one for the latrine, one for smoking. As some men had the tobacco of non-smoking friends, but not their paper, any newspaper, lecture syllabus or periodical left about for a moment would disappear instantly.

Paraded For Speech

Each evening the six platoons in which we were organized would gather at the foot of the steps leading up to the main entrance to receive an address by the company commander—an elderly, grey-haired Chinese we called More-in-Sorrow-than-in-Anger on account of his reproachful look—or by one of the "vice-company commanders." Our favourite, for the fun he provided, was a man with a squint known as Tilt.

Two interpreters, Zee and Gen, spoke abominable English—Zee particularly. Flanked by sallow-faced Chinese, the speaker would begin his address in his own tongue, continue for about five minutes and then pause for the translation.

"Say, you guys," Zee would say, "tomorrow is Thursday"—or whatever day it was. "The Company Commander, he say you gotta get outa your goldarn beds. O.K."

There would be another torrent of Chinese, another brief translation into English, sometimes unintelligible. The meeting would break up and another day would be almost over.

On the surface, this was the dull and irksome life of a prisoner; bearable, if tedious. Really, it was not like that at all. Every hour of the day we were at the mercy of evil, political extremists who could—and did—reach into the camp to take out those whom they wished to exploit, and those who led and organized demand for proper treatment as human beings.

The real danger to a prisoner's body—and mind—began when one of the Chinese staff came into his room to say: "You are wanted by the headquarters. Pack your everything and come with me."

Or a Chinese would come into a room to say: "Which is so-and-so's kit?" and begin packing it, heedless of the questions of the individual's friends as to his whereabouts and his future.

Snake-eyed Fanatic

The name of the camp commander was Ding. He was of medium height, pale skinned, with fine bones and long fingers. His eyes were narrow even for a Chinese and glittered like a snake's. He was a fanatical Communist; his staff were terrified of him; he hated us if only because we rejected political indoctrination and remained loyal to our own governments.

Ding's headquarters staff was extraordinarily large for the care of about 350 prisoners. There were seventeen different staff officers, in addition to a deputy camp commander and an assistant deputy commander. Of this group, there were five with whom we had real contact as prisoners normally inside the compound: Wong, Chen Chung Hwei, Sun, Big Chu, Little Chu and Niu.

The Chinese made feasts of the American Thanksgiving Day and Christmas in 1951—a decision perhaps not entirely unaffected by the resumption of the peace talks and the international outcry following the publication of the Hanley Report on the treatment of prisoners of war by the Communist Command.

Official photographers arrived to take pictures of all the jollity; every effort was made, without success, to get individual prisoners to write articles for the Communist press in praise of the Chinese for all their good treatment—and especially for the Christmas and Thanksgiving feasts.

The photographers found it impossible to take a good picture, for the prisoners covered their faces whenever they appeared. The press representatives found that none of the prisoners could write. At Christmas time they attempted a new tactic: they insisted that the prisoners should send Christmas greetings to General Peng Teh Huai—the commander of the Chinese Communist forces in Korea—and to Ding. The prisoners' Daily Life Committee refused to do so.

On arrival at the camp, prisoners had "elected" this committee, at the insistence of the Chinese, to deal with day-to-day administration of the compound. As all the captives were members of their respective naval and military corps, there was no question of "electing" anyone.

Naturally, a choice was made from among the senior officers, and their names were circulated among the remainder as candidates to be "elected." In this way we secured our own nominations to the committee; Colonel B and Denis being the American and British senior representatives respectively.

Because of the long spell of solitary confinement our own Colonel—as the Senior United Nations Officer—had undergone in 1951, he was kept off the committee. He was universally respected by all nationalities in the camp, and it was desired to keep him available if some major issue arose.

Wholesale Arrests

As soon as the Christmas festivities were over and the last photographer and press representative had departed, Colonel B was arrested for heading an "underground resistance movement" opposed to Chinese discipline, military interrogation and political study. There was also the matter of withholding the prisoners' Christmas greetings for the Commander-in-Chief and Ding—apparently a secondary, but actually a principal charge.

In forty degrees of frost he was placed without either greatcoat or bedding in an open cell in the centre of the village under close guard. He began slowly to freeze to death. An American major, a member of the committee, made representations to the Chinese for his release and was himself arrested. The two remaining members of the main committee, a marine and an engineer major, were arrested together.

Denis, discharged from hospital after seven days' treatment for his pneumonia, was arrested a few hours after his return to the compound. Finally, our own Colonel was arrested seven days after my arrival in the camp. On February 8, 1952, their "trial" began.

We were all ushered into the library, where the walls were lined with armed guards and the camp and company headquarters staffs. Squatting on the floor, we saw the Colonel, Colonel B, the three American majors and Denis come in.

Denis was deathly pale and we saw that both his wrists had dropped, the nerves and muscles apparently being paralysed. One at a time, beginning with Colonel B, the defendants came forward to read their "confessions" to the crimes of opposing the humanitarian policies of our captors.

The words they read were in stilted

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 26, the judge said there is no duty on a person to keep his property safe for trespassers. However, the law will not allow a householder to set traps which may harm them. Spring had set a dangerous trap and was therefore liable to Harry, who had been injured by it. The rake did not constitute a trap, so Spring was not liable to Dick. Harry was awarded damages and Dick got nothing.

"Leaving straight from the office?"

English, quite obviously partly dictated by the Chinese; and what was even more pitiable was that we knew that the majority of the crimes to which they "confessed" were non-existent—illusions in the minds of the Chinese. With a word of warning to any potential offenders among us, the Chinese departed, having informed us that the punishments would be decided by higher authority and promulgated in due course.

The "trial" was over. There had been no need for an arraignment, or for a defence: the defendants had "freely confessed" their guilt before us all. Leaving the library, we commented to one another that this was a pattern of judicial procedure which we had observed before at rather longer range. It seemed that what we had read about it in the "reactionary" press had been true.

I do not know exactly how all the confessions were extracted before that trial; but I do know, in detail, what happened to Denis.

Initially, in spite of considerable pressure, he refused to say a word when charged with being a conspirator in a plot against the plans of the Chinese to improve our Daily Life—the Chinese term—and to teach us the Truth as our captors professed to see it.

How Denis Confessed

Having no success with this stratagem, a new line was adopted. Denis was asked to sign a document in which he acknowledged the Colonel's responsibility for his actions. Very naturally, he refused. Then it was put to him that he could ameliorate the Colonel's position by "confessing" his own guilt—and the wording of this confession was "suggested" to him.

Thus, in an attempt to release the Colonel from implication, he made a statement assuming full responsibility for all he had done to ensure that the British element in the compound followed the instructions of our Daily Life Committee.

In this way a confession was secured which gave the Chinese enough evidence to dispose of Denis for some time, though, in the event, they ignored that part of it which vindicated the Colonel. Denis now being in their grasp, they decided to follow up their advantage before the trial and obtain a certificate from him that he would give military information freely.

Ding dealt personally with this case, as he had dealt personally with the Colonel in securing a "confession" from him. Denis was brought before him, a proposition was made, and turned down.

As Ding never personally supervised physical pressure on prisoners, it was Sun who took Denis away to an outhouse and had him strung up to a beam, arranging it so that Denis's hands were secured so far up behind his back that he had to stand on tiptoe. Every hour, for four hours, Sun returned to ask Denis if he had changed his mind: Denis had not. Sun left him until the morning, when he was cut down.

The next night began with another refusal to sign the certificate, after which Sun left Denis, stripped to the waist, outside Ding's house until he was blue with cold and too chilled to speak. After being taken back to a warm room he was sufficiently revived to utter another refusal. Sun took him to a cell down in the village and tied him again to a beam.

Strung Up All Night

This time, however, he realized that Denis's resistance was stronger than they had anticipated. After returning twice to give him an opportunity to change his mind, Sun left him for good. In the morning the guard commander untied him and the matter of the certificate was not raised again. This was the reason why Denis's wrists had dropped when we saw him at the trial.

Some days later the sentences were announced in the library, amid booing: the Colonel, Colonel B and Denis got six months imprisonment each. The three American majors were each sentenced to three months. By this time hope was high that the peace talks might succeed before the longer sentences expired.

The Chinese had special plans for Easter. Every camp would have extra food; there would be a small issue of "saki" (rice spirit) per man; and there would be cigarettes, peanuts and a few boiled sweets. They might have added that there would be photographers, too, on a lavish scale; for our captors provided these luxuries more for their benefit than ours.

We had had some very good entertainment in the camp on a previous occasion since my arrival, but it had been run chiefly by the Americans. Several of us among the British thought that we should try out our native talent, and so we got up a pantomime. As one of those concerned, I took the matter up with Sulky Tien.

It was not simply a matter of saying that we wanted to give an entertainment at Easter and asking for a few simple items with which to make

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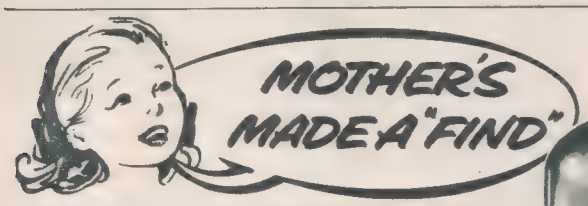

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stage properties. Before anything could be done, the script had to be censored by a process of explaining, line by line, what was meant, in case any satire on the Chinese in Korea or outside Korea, her allies in other countries, Marx, Engels, Lenin or Stalin was intended.

After Tien had read through the script, each page would be examined in his office in this way:

Tien (turning to the next page and pointing): What is this?

Us: That is a joke.

Tien: What is this joke?

Us: Well, you see, two men meet. The fat man says, "Have you seen a fat man about here?"

Tien: Why does he say that?

Us: It's part of the joke. Then the second man says, "No."

Tien: But he has seen the fat man.

Us: Yes, of course. That's why the fat man says, "Well, if you haven't seen a fat man about here, I must be lost."

Tien: But he is not lost.

Us (exhausted after three hours of this): But it's a joke, don't you see? Not a very good joke—just a pantomime joke!

Tien: This is some plot against the Chinese People's Volunteers. You are trying to say that there are no fat men here because we do not feed you; you must remove it from the drama.

Trouble Over Easter

The Padre went through a similar experience when submitting his proposals for church services. He had to explain every line of every prayer, every psalm and hymn. When he asked for a little wine to celebrate Holy Communion on Easter Sunday, Chen Chung Hwei said: "What is Easter? I have asked many men in the compound what is this Easter and they say they do not know. We think it is a trick you are playing to stir up other prisoners to make them discontented with their Daily Life."

There was much more in this vein, including a story that he, Chen, had visited our Colonel to ask him what Easter meant.

"Even he did not know," said Chen. "This is an unreasonable request. You may have your usual Sunday service."

Fortunately, they were anxious that nothing should go wrong during these celebrations. They relented at the last moment and gave the Padre permission to hold the service and, at the last moment, provided the materials.

Mine, apparently, was one of many escape parties which had been held back by the bright prospect of success in the peace talks during the late spring and early summer. After reviewing the situation, Sam and Guy agreed that my party should escape in late July or early August. They passed the news to the Marine Colonel—the senior officer in the camp—and we made ready.

Planned An Escape

The party was a large one—Sid, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Day of the Marines, Sergeants-Major Gallagher, Strong, Morton, and an American gunner officer named Smoky—too large to escape at one point through the heavily patrolled fences. The choice, therefore, lay between an escape by night at several points, or an escape in daylight—which meant we should have to employ a "confidence trick." I chose the latter method.

The water used inside the compound for washing and bathing was brought by hand from the stream that ran on the south side of Pyn-chong-ni. To reach it, the water carriers had to leave the compound by the main gate and walk three hundred yards down a path between fields of ripening maize to the nearest point suitable for dipping their buckets.

The system employed to control them during this process was a simple one. First, the water carriers had badges: red armbands bearing Chinese characters which the sentries recognized and accepted as a pass in and out of the gates. Secondly, one guard and one member of the compound staff took up a position overlooking the water dipping point during the hours appointed for water collection. To get out of the gate, Robin, one of the Rifles officers, counterfeited the armbands issued daily to the carriers, using a red flag stolen from the Chinese.

The next problem was to escape from the water point without being observed by the two men on duty nearby. We watched them carefully for some time, and reached two conclusions. On a rainy day the two men squatted miserably beneath a shelter, paying very little attention to the carriers. Given reasonable luck, a quick move would take the escaper into the tall maize stalks, where he would be instantly hidden from view.

On a fine day we could only hope to get away unobserved if one or more parties had been allowed out to the river to wash their blankets or bathe. These parties were checked carefully in and out, but if, having made our exit as water carriers, we mingled with them on the river bank near the maize, we should certainly find a chance to dodge into it.

Both courses possessed the advantage that, though we would be missed on evening roll call, the Chinese would not know when we had gone or where we had gone. The "confidence trick" in passing through the gate as water carriers permitted us to walk out without any check at all.

Over a period of several days, we took our stuff out and hid it in the beans growing at the foot of the maize, or, in the case of foodstuffs which might attract animals, beneath heavy rocks along the river bank. Only a few items remained—the most perishable—by the morning of July 26. By then we had been without rain for five days at the height of what was normally the rainiest period of the summer.

Hopes Rose—In Vain

The twenty-seventh was a hot, dry day; but towards evening, dark clouds gathered and our hopes rose. On the twenty-eighth it poured all day. At four o'clock half the water carriers on duty assembled by the kitchen awaiting the Chinese guard to take them through the gate on their first trip and to assume his position in the shelter near the water point. The remaining half of the carriers was made up from any party.

Time passed; there was no sign of the Chinese. Eventually, the chief water carrier went up to the Chinese company headquarters to inquire where he had got to. It appeared that it was too wet to come out—nobody wanted to wash, he said. The gates remained closed, we dispersed our perishable kit among various hiding places and returned to the library. That was that.

August 4 was a fine, sunny day—a grand day for washing blankets down by the river—and one of tension for us, relieved by a number of very amusing incidents.

Sergeant-Major Gallagher was told to walk down the schoolhouse corridor to collect the last items of food he was to carry out. He left the library and commenced to pass the first of the sleeping quarters.

As he continued on his way he found that many classroom doors slid quickly open to reveal a pair of hands grasping some item of provisions which was dumped into his hands. After using up all his pockets to hide these things, he arrived at the far end of the corridor bulging in the most extraordinary places and walking with an unaccustomed limp.

"Corseted" By Rope

Sergeant-Major Morton's figure looked like the Gibson Girl's before putting on his blue jacket. Round him, Mr. Hobbs had coiled a long piece of rope stolen from a Chinese tent, corseting him in the most elegant fashion. But it was done so effectively the first time that Sergeant-Major Morton was not only unable to breathe, but almost cut in two.

At last the moment came. With Sergeants-Major Morton and Gallagher, I passed through the main gates on the south side of the square, wearing my red armband, swinging two buckets

Among the cannibals his name is . . .

MITSINARI

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BEGINNING IN JOHN BULL, JULY 31

in my hand. These buckets were brought back under blankets by a party returning from the stream.

Down by the river, Robin and Spud were drawing water. The compound staff and guards were chatting up on the little cliff; below them, downstream, parties from two of the platoons were washing their blankets and clothes. While Sergeant-Major Morton waited his opportunity to come downstream to join us, Sergeant-Major Gallagher and I moved towards the maize.

We both entered and he began to stack a last item of the baggage beneath some stones. At that moment I saw the maize moving; a movement that was not caused by the wind. Looking up, I saw that a sentry was standing there watching us. Behind him was one of the compound staff.

Plot Was Uncovered

Sergeant-Major Gallagher called out to me: "Sir, they've spotted us! Someone is coming down from the cliff."

We both pretended that we were making an urgent call to the latrine and, after a moment or so, sauntered back out on to the river bank as if nothing had happened. But the sentry had shown the others the package Gallagher had hidden and, subsequently, found the kit on the river shore beneath an old jersey.

Gallagher was arrested and taken back to the compound, just after Robin had managed to convey the warning to the others inside, who were awaiting the signal to leave. Shortly after, Morton was arrested, following the discovery of a letter among the kit in the middle of the field of maize. I carried water back to the compound, still a relatively free man.

Sid was awaiting me in the kitchen with Tony. I told them what had happened and said that we must put everything we still had back into a hiding place and lie low for a day or two. Tony took the map and compass I had; the other kit was quickly dispersed. The stuff in the maize field was, of course, a write-off.

Nothing further was said that evening, and roll call passed off in the usual way. It was later, at about eight o'clock, that the final consequences of the day became known.

Sam, Guy, Anthony and I were walking up and down outside a small schoolhouse we then occupied. The playground there was very small and we paced only twelve steps back and forth. Our platoon interpreter—Old Yang—came towards us from the Chinese staff hut nearby, calling Sam's name.

The two of them went back into the hut and we continued our walk. Ten minutes later one of the Chinese orderlies came to collect Sam's kit and we knew that he was under arrest.

We had resumed our walk when the old Chinese came back again. This time it was my name he called. I accompanied him back to his hut and was thrust through the door. Inside were the company commander and Chang. The door closed behind me.

The company commander smoked through a whole cigarette before addressing me through Chang. Then he said: "You have conspired to make men escape. You have used your former rank to order men to disobey the regulations."

I said nothing; we had already made plans for such a contingency as this and it was necessary to await further developments. The company commander poured out a torrent of angry Chinese.

Finally, seeing that I did not respond, he threw his cap dramatically on to his desk and said: "I withdraw your privileges of tobacco, liberty and sugar."

Back In The Cells

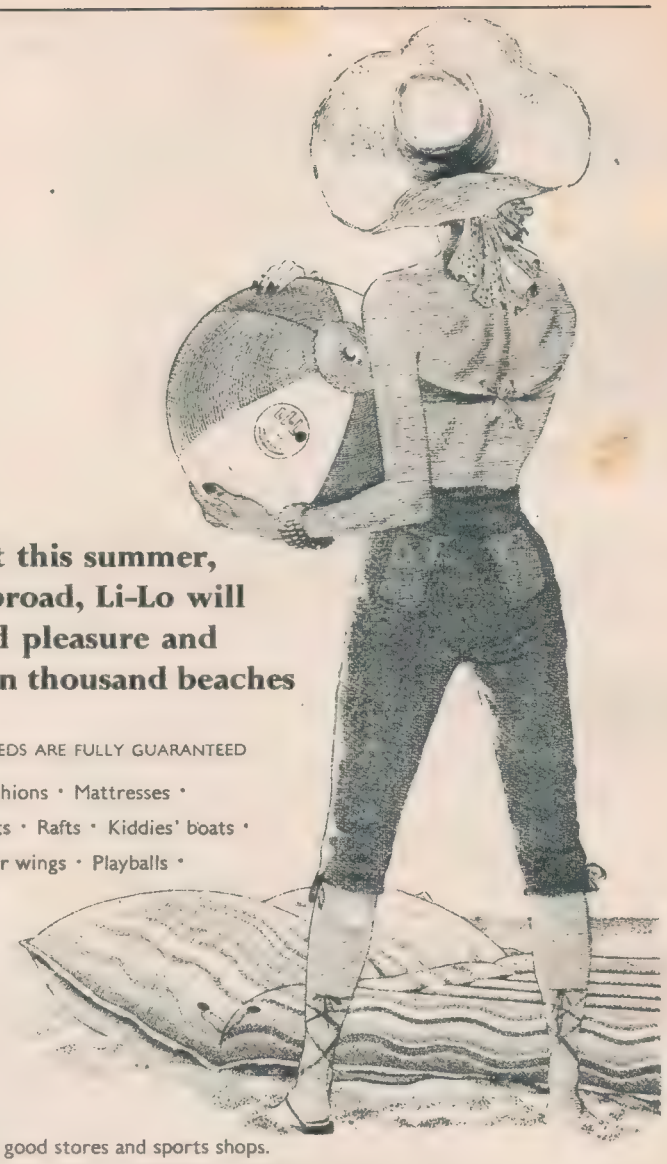
He obviously placed their value in that order. The final word of my arrest had been spoken. Accompanied by a guard and the orderly, I was taken out into the moonlit night.

Escorted to camp headquarters, I stood outside the main building. Chen Chung Hwei came out and asked me my name. "Confess," he said dramatically, "we know everything. What happened?"

This childish behaviour and his own misshapen little figure gave the whole scene in the moonlight an unreal quality. I felt for a moment that I was watching a puppet performing on a stage. The illusion vanished a moment later as one of the couriers in the headquarters appeared.

"Follow this comrade," said Chen, disappearing back into his room. "This comrade" took me down to a cell, searched me and locked me in for the night under the eye of one of the jail sentries. I had had a good run for my money, between cells.

NEXT WEEK: We await the journey home—and I am arrested again



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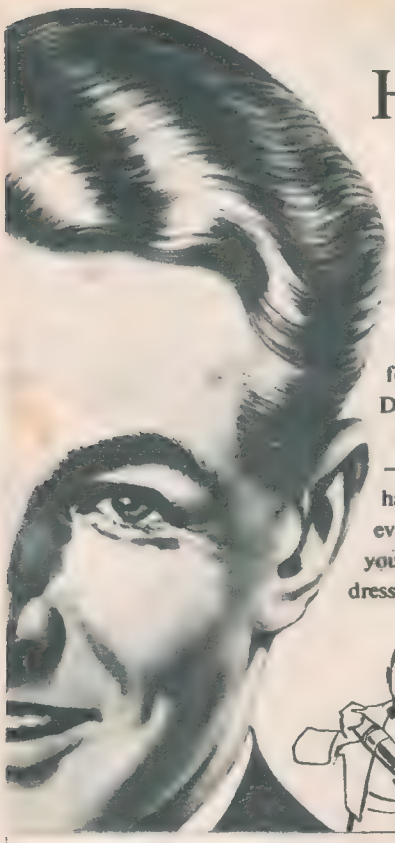

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THE FOOL IN CHARGE

Continued from page 18

Peebles, was a young cockney thruster, cut from the same cloth, a dank, lank-haired but cheerful chap who should have been bleached out for a year or two in the tropics before being sent to Aden; for though he, too, knew his business, he knew nothing about the sun.

In the second week after Tommy's arrival, Willy appeared for dinner with no appetite. By ten o'clock he was delirious. Throughout the night he lay in a coma, stretched on a charpoy on the gallery while they sprayed him with water, fanned him in continuous relays and packed him with buckets of ice in order to bring down a temperature that rose to 106 degrees. They all expected him to die, but in the small hours his temperature went down, and before dawn came he was sleeping. Bertrand Fox and Tommy Truesdale reeled exhausted to their own beds.

They were aroused by Hassan Ali, the house boy, for breakfast. The cockney was already at the table, demanding porridge, bloaters and fried eggs. It was an interesting case, but Bertrand Fox had seen such before, and he was taking no chances; Willy went out on the first homeward-bound boat.

THE following week came news of a full ship's cargo, consigned to Tinsley, Johnson and Jacobs, being held up in Bombay. There appeared no possible way of meeting the crisis except for Bertrand Fox himself to hasten to Bombay in the first ship and to leave Tommy Truesdale in charge until his return.

"I shan't be long," he concluded at the end of his briefing. "Banji, the broker, and Mohamedally, the head clerk, will take care of routine affairs. Don't forget that shipment of cotton bales for Mombasa. We're in good standing at the bank, and there should be nothing else to bother about except the trial balance sheet at the end of the month. That must go to London. You won't have any trouble with it."

"What's a trial balance?"

Bertrand Fox put his bleached hands flat on the desk as if to hold himself steady in a swirl of vertigo. After a moment he asked if Tommy had ever kept books or knew anything at all about book-keeping.

"No," said Tommy.

"So that's the fly in the ointment," muttered the manager. He began to study Tommy Truesdale once more. Tommy was a decorative and engaging young man, but to the manager at that moment he looked like the image of disaster stumbling down the road to ruin.

"The trial balance," Fox said in a low, strained voice so that the clerks whose desks filled the room could not hear, "is a complete summary of the month's business. It shows everything we own, everything that's owed to us, and everything we owe. It's made up of all the debits and credits in all the ledgers and journals. And it must balance to a penny! You're supposed to be familiar with every item in it—insurance, brokerage, demurrage, commissions, invoices, accounts—oh, my, my, this is ghastly!"

"Well," said Tommy, cheerfully helpful, "I was sent out to learn. So if I take some of the old sheets and go over them with Mohamedally——"

"Good heavens, man. No! He'd pluck your blinkin' teeth out!"

"You mean he's not honest?"

"I mean he's not supposed to know our whole business. It isn't a question of honesty. We're honest, but, even so, you don't suppose the bank would trust us without collateral, do you?"

"Just what is collateral?"

BERTRAND FOX cursed bitterly. Still there was no way out. He had to go to Bombay. If Tommy Truesdale followed instructions and confined himself to sitting at the desk, he could foresee no serious consequences until his return. With that understanding, he departed.

Tommy was rather glad to see Bertrand Fox off. It was pleasant to walk the decks of Fox's ship and be introduced around as the one who was to be in charge of Tinsley, Johnson and Jacobs during Fox's absence. It was very pleasant to push off for shore in a bumboat, standing erect at the tiller, looking down at the Somali boys as their brown, gleaming bodies bent and swayed. At the jetty, the police saluted him. His new friends invited him cheerily into the Union Club, where he would now be welcomed as a burra sahib.

Tommy drove back to Crater across the plain of Ma'alla with camels, sheep and bedouins swelling the traffic of cars and buses, feeling like a nabob as he lolled in the back seat.

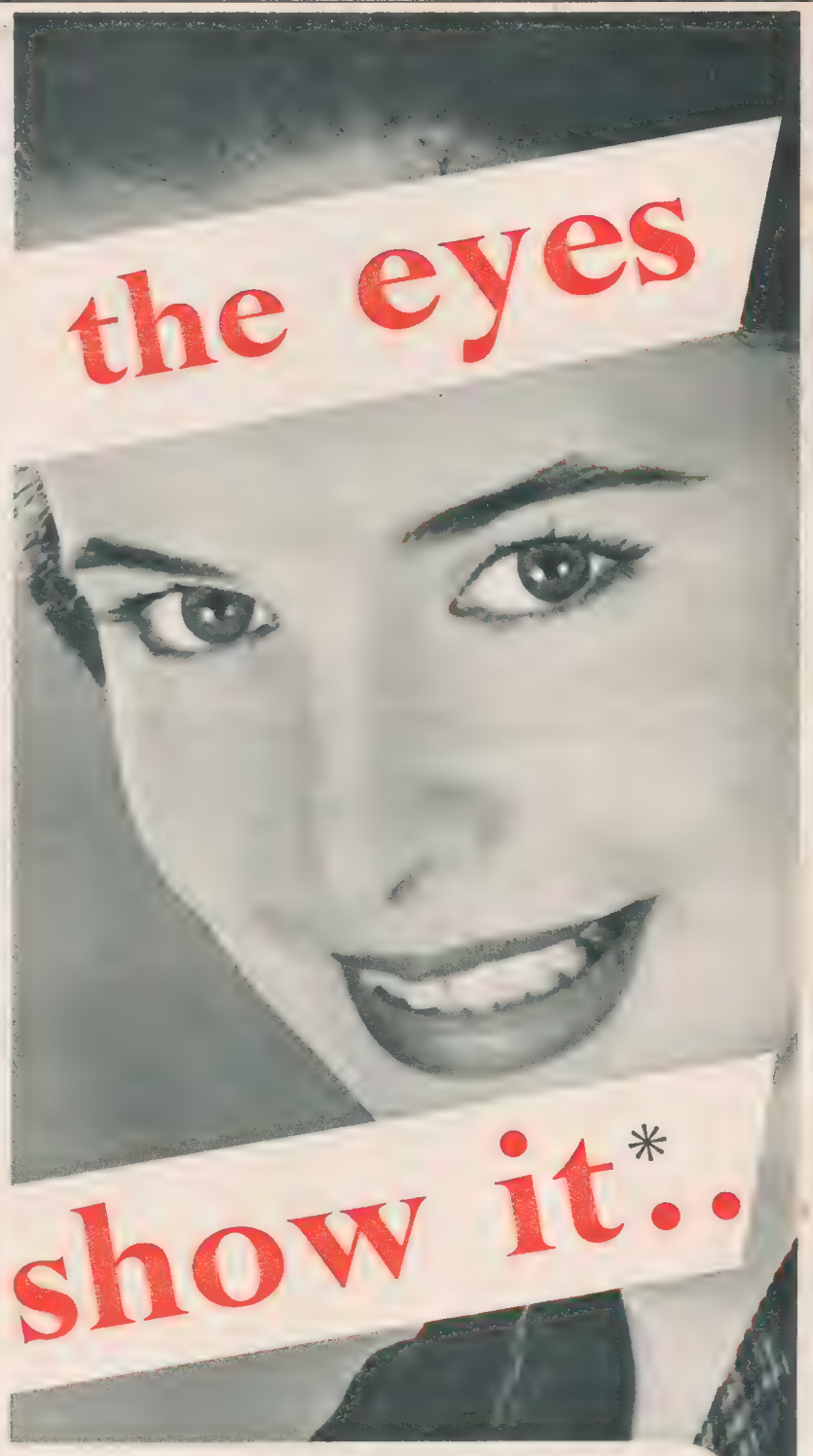
He felt very unlike a nabob the next morning when he took his place at Bertrand Fox's desk and cast a mild glance over the clerks—some with the small, black caps of Parsees, some with the marks of Gujratis upon their foreheads, some with the white skullcaps or twisted turbans of Arabs and Somalis—all bending over their desks. It was then that he had his mixed feeling of jubilation and panic. What the devil were all these people doing so earnestly?

It was a reasonably hot morning, still and languorous — a morning caressed by the music and the fragrance of the bazaar. Tommy put his hands behind his head, closed his eyes and for a blissful moment drifted. When he opened his eyes, Banji, the broker, was standing before his desk, looking down with a fathomless expression.

Banji was a tall, slim man with large, intelligent eyes and a small, frayed moustache. He had the sallow skin of his race and he was very handsome. Moreover, he knew more about the cotton markets of the world than almost any other man in Aden. He had a caste mark on his forehead, a little pillbox hat cocked on one side of his head, and wore a white cotton skirt tucked up between his legs, a black alpaca jacket and canvas slippers.

"This is the morning," Banji said softly, "when we are to see Mr. Northcliffe Styles to settle for the damage to the Maloja's cargo."

Tommy merely blinked, not having the faintest notion what it was about. "Ten bales damaged by sea water," Banji reminded him. "We have made



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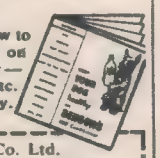

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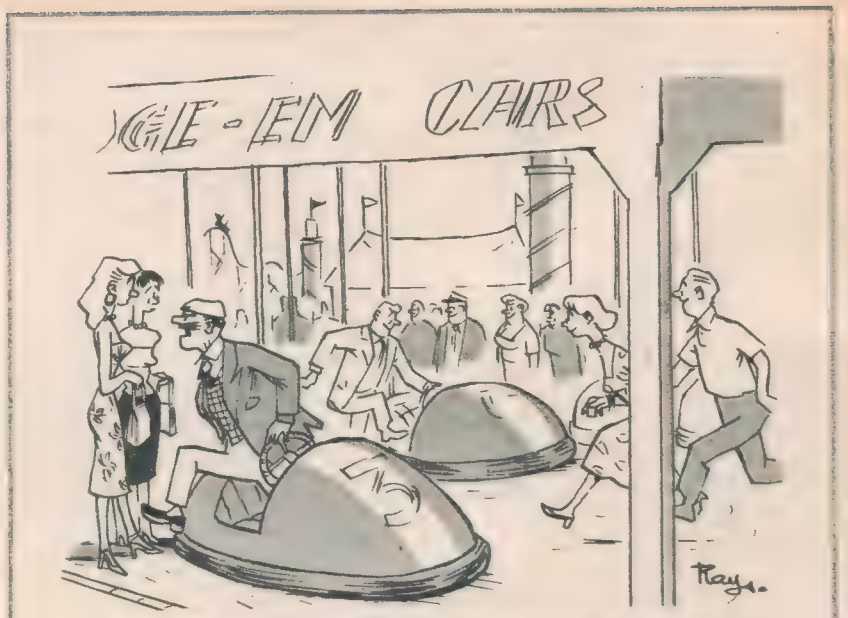

"You'll have to handle her gently—steering wanders, clutch is slipping, and she corners badly at speed . . ."

a claim for nine hundred rupees. Mr. Northcliffe Styles wishes to discuss it."

"Who is Mr. Northcliffe Styles?"

"He is the agent for the insurance company."

"Let's go," Tommy said. As he sat in the car with Banji at his side, he asked: "Nine hundred rupees? How do you arrive at that figure?"

"It is the amount of loss in value when we sell the goods. It is insurance, sahib. We do not know the amount exactly. Mr. Styles will expect us to take less; so we must set the figure high."

Northcliffe Styles was a man of middle age who offered him a cigarette, but did not offer to shake hands.

"I understand Fox has gone off to Bombay, and you're in charge."

"That is correct," said Tommy.

"About this claim," said Northcliffe Styles. "Nine hundred rupees, I believe? Is that correct also?"

"It certainly is," said Tommy.

WITHOUT a word, Styles picked up his pen and proceeded to write. Tommy sat stiffly, waiting for the argument to begin. Instead, Styles held out a cheque. "There you are."

To Tommy, who was accustomed to things coming easily, this was not particularly surprising. But when Banji joined him in the outer office, he sucked a long sigh of frustration through his teeth, realizing that he might successfully have claimed twelve hundred. As they returned to Crater, Banji suggested that it might be advisable to sell the bales on their way through the bazaar.

Tommy could not understand how they could sell the bales without the merchants seeing the damaged goods. Banji explained patiently that although the bales were in a godown by the beach at Ma'alla, several of the bazaar merchants had already inspected them and were willing to make offers.

They proved to be indeed willing. The bales were promptly disposed of at a price not much below the ruling market. At worst, the loss from damage could not have amounted to more than three hundred rupees. Tommy could not help but see and understand, and all at once he felt an unaccustomed queasiness. If only he had not expected the insurance agent to try to squeeze him!

He climbed hastily into the car and was driven back to Northcliffe Styles, who was surprised to see him.

"Anything wrong?"

"Yes," said Tommy. "There's a mistake about this."

"It is what you claimed," said Northcliffe Styles.

"I just sold the stuff," said Tommy, "and it turns out that the damage amounted to only about three hundred rupees. I shouldn't have taken my broker's word for it."

"That was about all you could do," said Styles, looking at him queerly. "But you're quite in order."

He made the change of cheques in a meditative silence, and stood up to see Tommy out. "I say," he observed, shaking hands, "if you play bridge, perhaps we might get together some evening? Or do you play tennis?"

When Tommy returned to his desk, he decided with some inward distress that he would have no time for bridge or for tennis. The insurance claim was a small matter, but it was significant. It jolted him and somehow alarmed him out of his indifference. He recalled having once seen Banji remove an ant from his wrist very delicately with thumb and forefinger and deposit it upon the ground. Banji could not take the life of an insect, thought Tommy, but he would cut a throat for a dollar.

Tommy Truesdale was not entirely right in his estimate of Banji. The broker was scrupulously exact in his dealings. But did not the essence of trade consist in the outwitting of competitors? Unable to understand these fine distinctions, Tommy could only assume that he dared not trust anyone, and that it would be disastrous to confide his ignorance to Banji.

He set himself to work, studying first of all the trial balance sheets as the key to the whole business.

In the late afternoon, when the staff retired, he took down ledgers and journals, and with the three previous months' sheets before him, began to work back, item by item, through the maze of entries. At first it seemed an appalling jumble, further complicated by the confusion of exchange that had to be translated through pounds sterling, American dollars and rupees. He stayed at his desk three nights running until past midnight. On the fourth night he saw how the trick was done.

Tommy dragged himself up from his desk in a state of physical exhaustion, but filled with a kind of elation he had never experienced before.

IN the morning, when Hassan Ali brought his tea, for the first time he realized that despite the aridity of Aden, which is verdureless, the humidity lay like a warm, invisible fog. He wiped moisture from the walls with his fingers. As fast as he towelled himself after his bath, sweat covered him again. Aden lost its glamour for him and he began to consider his situation seriously.

Tommy had retired with the feeling that he had learned the secret of the business, but he had not been at his desk three minutes before he felt the fluttering emptiness again. He thought of how Fox had always seemed to be on the move, stiffly, sedately. He carried nothing with him but his empty pipe, which he sucked meditatively, but each night there were letters and cablegrams to be dispatched. The fact

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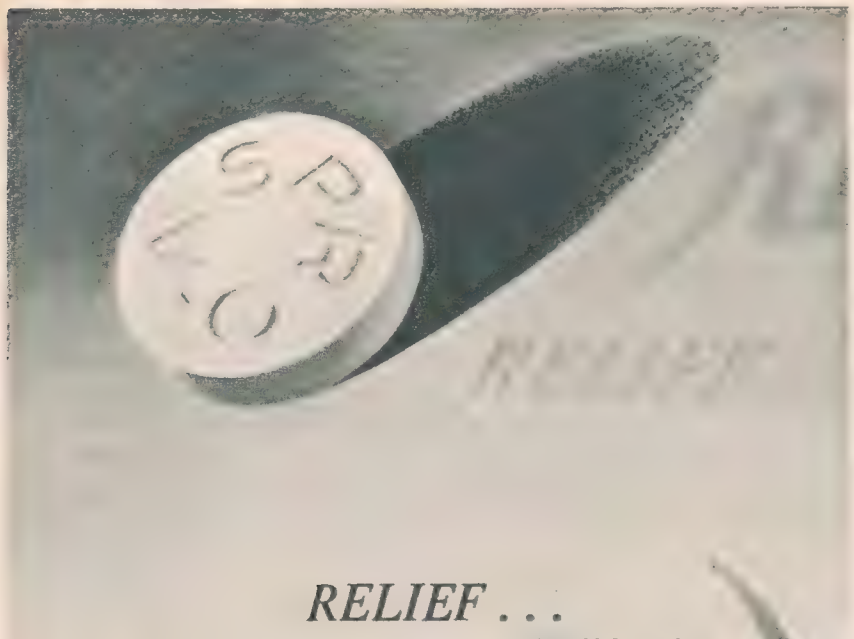

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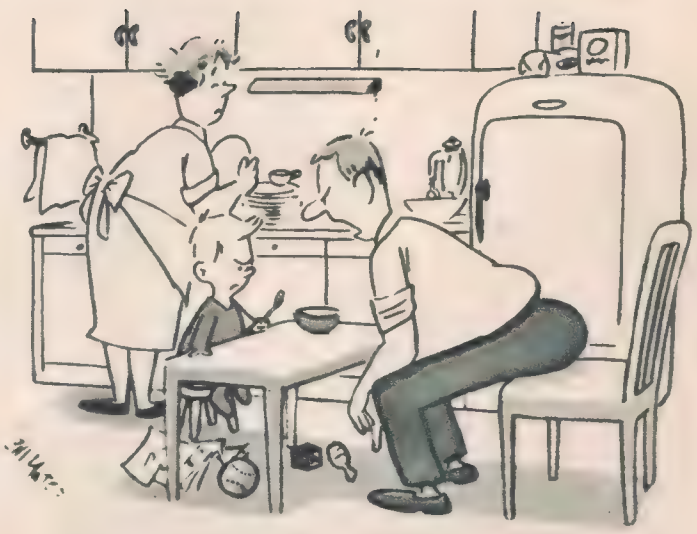

"Go on, eat it. Pretend it's sand"

was that Fox carried in his head the accumulated experience of fifteen years. Tommy's head was empty.

Tommy lifted his eyes and Mohamedally, the head clerk, stood before him, a squat hairy fellow with large, harassed eyes.

"Sir," said Mohamedally, "have you remembered to secure space on the Gayley? The ship is due here in three days."

A DEEP, black pit opened at Tommy's feet. He held the edge of the desk and took a long, steadying breath, straining as if at a distant echo to recall Fox's admonition. "*Don't forget that shipment of cotton bales for Mombasa.*" He had forgotten.

"Isn't that ship going to Bombay?" he asked. "Isn't it one of those Mr. Fox is taking care of?"

"Oh, no, sir!" exclaimed Mohamedally. "It is the ship for Mombasa. It is our only hope to clear two thousand bales that have been piling up here. Have you not read the cables from Mombasa? They are desperate for the cargo!"

Tommy Truesdale sat there looking at a blank page on which he traced his name over and over again. The sweat increased upon his face. He blew a drip from the tip of his nose. He looked helplessly at the backs of the clerks, bent over their books and papers, industriously scribbling — scribbling what?

"O.K.," he said with forced briskness, and called for the car.

He went down the dank, narrow flight of stairs and out into the white glare that struck his eyeballs achingly, and drove off to Steamer Point to the Union Club, where he found a seat on the terrace by the water and ordered a gin sling.

All about him seemed calm and restful, but he realized this was only putting off the inevitable; for every hour that passed brought the Gayley one hour nearer.

It was quite impossible for him to get away from it, to relax. Those two thousand bales of cotton goods swelled before him like an imminent landslide that had to be diverted. He saw the branch offices in Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and up in Nairobi, empty and ruined unless he personally arranged that all-important shipment.

The thought of sending a wild appeal to Fox shrivelled as he recalled the manager's bleak gaze. He remembered then that he had worked out the mystery of the trial balance himself, and without help. He gulped down his drink and made his way to the office of the ship's agent. He strode through the white, blinding street with such a frantic pace and desperate expression that the slow-strolling crowd turned to look.

At the office, a baboo came to the counter with a bored air, and Tommy asked politely if space had been reserved on the Gayley for his cargo.

"What cargo, sir?"

"Two thousand bales of cotton sheetings for Mombasa."

"Two thousand bales!" cried the baboo incredulously.

Two Englishmen in an inner office lifted their faces, and one, recognizing Tommy Truesdale, came out to speak to him.

"Hallo," he said. "What's up?"

"I understand," said Tommy, "that Mr. Fox secured space on the Gayley for two thousand bales of cotton."

"Oh, my Lord! But that space has gone! He made an inquiry, right enough, but then he went to Bombay without confirming it, and we supposed he'd changed his plans. Besides, it was taken next day by Beni bin Mussa. Surely you knew that!"

Undoubtedly he was supposed to know that the space had been taken by Beni bin Mussa, since that old gentleman was the richest and most astute merchant between Bombay and Alexandria, and, moreover, he was a prominent client of Tinsley, Johnson and Jacobs.

"It looks as if you're going to have a bit of cotton goods on your hands, old boy," the man said with an idiotic laugh.

Tommy went back to the club and ordered another gin sling. What could he do now? He had no desire to return to his office and face the barrage of worried, soft, brown eyes that would be directed questioningly at him; and at the moment he could do no better at his desk than here. This annoyed him, for there was growing in him an understanding of the responsibilities of management.

HE sat on the terrace and gazed across the glimmering bay, trying to get some order out of his thoughts, his eyes travelling from ship to ship—two destroyers, some idle tankers and the dhows that sailed about like aimless swans. There was nothing, except perhaps the tankers, idle and lifeless, that offered any hope or promise. In a naval operation, ships could be diverted to meet any need, but he realized now that if merchant ships failed to call at a port or had no space available for cargo, you might as well be marooned. Those two thousand bales were marooned!

Two thousand idle bales of cotton goods represented a lot of money. At the thought of this, the hair on Tommy's scalp began to crawl; the bills of lading must be in the hands of the bank, and unless the stuff was moved or otherwise disposed of, the bank would be coming around to collect. Miserably, he pushed his unfinished drink aside.

He telephoned his office and asked Banji if he knew that Beni bin Mussa had taken space on the Gayley, and had he done it on their account? Banji did not know. Beni bin Mussa had shown no interest in the purchase

of cotton since Mr. Fox had left; he would probably be shipping gunny sacks to East Africa on his own account.

"But why did he wait until Mr. Fox left?" asked Tommy Truesdale.

There was a moment's silence before Banji answered.

"Sir, I think we better go talk to Mr. Beni bin Mussa."

They found Mr. Beni bin Mussa at the head of a long flight of stone stairs in a great grey barrack of a building. The great merchant looked like an ancient prophet as he paused to fluff out his long, rusty beard with the backs of his hands. Hesitantly, Tommy climbed the stairs. Banji introduced him and the old man smiled graciously.

They were shown into a small parlour, and in a few moments a servant brought in hot purple tea and Scotch shortbread.

"When will Mr. Fox return?" the old man inquired politely, and there followed an exchange of pointless but courteous information which Tommy ended with unintended bluntness.

"I want to know," he said, "if you can let us have your space on the Gayley."

Banji, who was accustomed to patient bargaining, drew his head between his shoulders and closed his eyes. Beni bin Mussa also winced visibly; for it should have taken an afternoon's fencing to arrive at this point.

"Perhaps you should see the ship's agent," Beni bin Mussa said petulantly. "I cannot get enough space for my own needs." Then, with calculated rudeness, he directed his next remark to Banji: "You have made no offerings recently. Perhaps I might buy—two thousand bales, is it?—if the price is right."

"You told us last week your godowns were bursting."

"Last week, Banji. This week I am sending two thousand bales to Mombasa, where the market is very short. So! I am always interested in bargains. If you wish to make an offer?"

BANJI clapped one hand to his forehead and clutched at his throat with the other. Tommy Truesdale stood up abruptly, resentful at the obvious contempt shown him in his rôle as manager.

"We'll make an offer to sell when we are ready to sell." His voice was sharp. "If you are emptying your godown, you'll be making a shortage right here in Aden!" Tommy found himself pleasantly stimulated and he let his imagination go. "You're going to be short, anyway. There's a world shortage building up right now. Have you seen the report on what the drought did to American cotton? The domestic demand for cotton in the United States is terrific. They're discovering all sorts of fantastic things to do with it—making swimming pools, tarpaulins for baseball and football fields. There's even talk about using it to resurface Lincoln Highway."

Beni bin Mussa stroked his beard and beamed. "Lincoln Highway? Don't you mean the Jersey Turnpike?"

Tommy lifted his chin and swallowed; he bowed stiffly; and with Banji at his heels he retired.

"Sir," said the broker despairingly, "that man has been all over the United States." But Tommy had used up all his words.

That evening, Tommy drove once more to the club, where he kept a sharp eye out for Northcliffe Styles. As soon as he spotted him, he hastened over and took a firm grip on his sleeve.

"I want to ask a question," said Tommy. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all, old boy. Fire away."

"Sit down, please, here. Have a drink." A white-clad Hindu with a red sash took their orders. "I'll only take a minute. We have two thousand bales of cotton that must be shipped to Mombasa. I've looked up all the sailings, and there's nothing—nothing at all except the Gayley—and that's out. I've tried to think of everything. I've thought of an airlift; I've thought of chartering a fleet of dhows; but I'd need a hundred of them and

always in 'hot water'

so never in trouble

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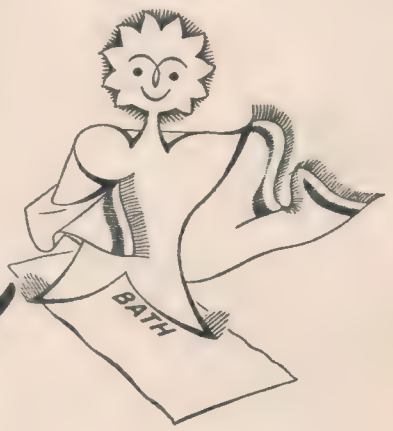

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you probably wouldn't insure cargo in them, anyway."

"Doubt it," said Northcliffe Styles.

"Well, now look at those tankers," said Tommy. "I'll bet those tankers have been put out of service by the shut-down in Persia."

"Quite right," said Northcliffe Styles. "Now, if you wanted to ship coconut oil——"

"How about cotton bales?"

"Oh, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Northcliffe Styles. "If you could pump cotton through a hose—why, they have no hatches!"

"What about that third one? That looks to me like a bastard tanker with hatches aft for dry cargo."

Styles choked over his drink. "H'm; you've got an idea there!"

"If she's going home empty, why not divert her down the coast? She could fill up with cloves and coconut oil at Mombasa and Zanzibar, and she could take my two thousand bales to Mombasa, couldn't she?"

Northcliffe Styles suddenly burst out laughing. "Anything to cut costs," he said. "It's a normal shipping operation, and I don't see why it can't be done."

"Are you sure it can be done?"

"Well, we're agents for the boats. Of course I'm sure."

Tommy knew that the tanker, travelling light with diesel engines, could beat the old Gayley, which was due on Wednesday to take on Beni bin Mussa's cargo.

"I'll have my two thousand bales ready to load Thursday," he said. "Can we keep it under our hats—about my shipment—until after the Gayley sails?"

"So far as I'm concerned, yes. If you can keep your clerks from spilling it in the bazaar."

His next manoeuvre was not difficult. It was the job of the head clerk, Mohamedally, to prepare and secure the necessary shipping documents and make arrangements for the stevedoring, but it was up to Tommy to name the ship and time of sailing; so all papers were made ready in blank.

This did not cause any wonderment or gossip, since Mohamedally and Banji both assumed that Tommy was still hoping that old Beni bin Mussa would relent and let him have his space on the Gayley. As soon, thought Banji with growing alarm, expect the ferret to release its hold upon the rabbit's throat!

Banji's alarm mounted as the next day passed and Tommy sat apparently unconcerned at his desk working on a chart that would tell him at a glance the location and markings of all goods on the firm's books—whether on order or at sea or in the firm's godowns. He did this as a substitute for his untrained memory, not realizing that he had in effect invented a planning expert's work sheet. He showed no interest in Beni bin Mussa; and Banji became so depressed that he sat in a corner drinking tea and sighing, instead of making his rounds of the bazaar.

Next day, the Gayley came into harbour, and Banji went down to Ma'alla, where, in desperate gloom, he witnessed Beni bin Mussa's two thousand bales lightered aboard. He saw the Gayley up anchor and depart, and he went home and wept. He should have returned to the office, for no sooner had the report come that the Gayley had rounded Ras Marbat, than Tommy picked up the phone and called Northcliffe Styles.

"You will have to lighter your stuff out from Ma'alla," said Styles. "Better keep an eye on it yourself. There's a bit of a wind blowing up."

"I'll ride with every bale," said Tommy, beckoning violently to Mohamedally with his free hand. "Listen," he said to the clerk as soon as he had cradled the phone, "we have a ship. Fill out all the documents for the S.S. Star of Ispahan."

"Star of Ispahan?" Mohamedally was stupefied.

"It's a tanker, and it's taking our cargo. You'll have to make sure all the clearances are in order—and do it as quietly as possible; though it won't make much difference now. The old buzzard will learn fast enough."

Tommy called for the car, but the driver had taken advantage of Tommy's inactivity to put it in the garage for overhaul. There was a motor cycle in the garage, and Tommy borrowed it.

Not until he kicked the starter and teetered out into the dusty road, dragging one foot, did he realize how the weather had changed. The wind was dry. It was a scorching wind, blowing hard from the shore, carrying fine sand that scoured every surface. He leaned against it, half blind, the cycle careering, zigzagging, skidding in the dust. He had the strange and frightening feeling that his strength was draining out of him, and the motor cycle itself moved sluggishly, the engine just beyond stalling, climbing slowly to the crest of the Pass.

Here Tommy let down his feet and with bowed head sat there under a weight of depression that was almost impossible to carry. He stared down into the maelstrom of hot dust, scintillating in the diffused sunlight, and it seemed to him a waste of time and effort to go any farther when there were men down there that were hired to do the job.

He thought of the relative comfort of a long Bombay chair—with a cool drink beside him—and the thought was almost irresistible. A stronger compulsion, however, started him thrusting forward with his feet until the motor cycle was again taking the winding descent to the plain of Ma'alla, where the Somali porters were already attacking the wall of cumbrous bales of cotton cloth.

Everything had to be manhandled. There was neither dock nor jetty; and the men had to wade with their staggering burdens up to their middles before tumbling the bales into the lighters.

The temptation for the Somalis to use their hooks on the awkward loads was constant, and Tommy whipped himself into a frenzy until they all discarded them. He watched the tally clerks, bending, half-blinded by the suffocating sand, clutching at their books as the ghostly figures of the porters staggered by in a broken but unending procession.

He rode upon the lighters, towed by launches that felt their way through the scorching mist until they came alongside the black steel sides of the tanker. Here again the cargo had to be manhandled, since there were no cranes or slings for bulky shipments; but the holds were broad and flat and unencumbered, and, with no danger of shifting, there was no problem of making the cargo secure.

It was midnight when he again kicked the starter of the motor cycle. Afterwards, Tommy could not remember his return to Crater. He did remember climbing up the stairway, because he fell here and crawled up slowly, step by step, his eyes gritty, his throat gagging from intolerable dryness, his bones aching.

When he managed at last to fall into bed, he could not sleep. The aching in his body seemed at first a creeping thing that passed from bone to bone, so that he found himself crying out at them as if living worms were burrowing deep into his marrow. Soon every bone was aching, individually and collectively; and then, as Hassan Ali came to him, aroused by his moaning, curious and frightened, he knew that it was not weariness that had finally overcome him. It was breakbone fever.

This knowledge, which came to him almost in delirium, was a sort of surcease, because he had learned that though the aching of dengue fever is indeed like the breaking of each individual bone, it would not last for long and it would not incapacitate him. Hassan Ali brought him scalding hot tea and he gulped deep draughts of it until the sweat burst out and the pain within began to throb away. By now it was dawn and he fell asleep.

In the afternoon the doctor came and conveyed an invitation for tennis from Northcliffe Styles. "He says you're quite a nimble chap," said the doctor.

A messenger of another sort arrived at breakfast time the following morning. He was a huge Arab carrying an enormous pannier of the fruits that are so rare in Aden—grapefruit, oranges, pineapples, mangoes and pawpaw—a princely gift. Banji, who had encountered the messenger ascending the stairway and questioned him, followed dazedly to the door of the dining-room.

"What is this?" cried Tommy.

"It is a gift from Beni bin Mussa, master!" exclaimed Banji, forgetting himself. "This is indeed a compliment! Never, never have I known him to do such a thing before!"

"Does he know we are beating his shipment to Mombasa?"

"Oh, that is his reason, sir! Mr. Beni bin Mussa is a great sportsman!"

"His godowns must be nearly empty," mused Tommy. "He's caught short and he won't be able to get anything back from Mombasa for months. Look, Banji! Mr. Fox has plenty of cotton in Bombay that he can send us on short order.

"When you get the chance to tell Beni bin Mussa—and he'll be sending for you soon—say we can sell him what he wants at a fair price. You understand? A fair price. Squeeze the juice out of the old buzzard until he hasn't got a drop of sweat left!"

Tommy pushed away from the table and stood up, yawning, the tension going out of him. A pleasant tingling ran through him. "You know, Banji, he said softly, "this business is a lot of fun when you get to know how it's done, isn't it?"

THE END

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN

Continued from page 23

lighter, shading it carefully with his hand.

It did not take him long. On the third shelf, in the second row, a glass container, looking for all the world as if it held nothing but a cupful of some white powder, carried the number 36911.

If Anders hadn't been able to analyse the explosive, then Richard couldn't do it either in a short time. Also, it was possible that it required equipment the laboratory did not contain. Under these circumstances he did not want to touch the bottle, disturbing the dust that had gathered around it. There was no less obtrusive, no safer place than here, where Anders had put it.

He made his way back to the house without anyone having noticed his absence, and only when he stretched out on his bed did he ask himself why he had not taken full advantage of his chance. He could have got away with the powder, taken it to Copenhagen, and then. . . .

A fit of despair seized him. He crossed his arms behind his head and lay staring up at the deep brown wooden ceiling. He knew, then, why he had not done the sensible thing. He had left the bottle in the laboratory because some sentimental fibre of the heart had stopped him.

The door opened, and Ulla Rasmussen, carrying a tray with food, came into his room. "I don't think you've eaten since early morning."

She put the tray on the round little table next to his bed. Richard sat up and poured a cup of coffee.

"Ulla," he said, forcing her grave eyes to meet his. "If you can be honest with yourself, you must agree with me that Anders did not want to surrender the explosive to the Russians."

"Anders," she said, with sudden temper, "was in many ways a fool. Too generous, too trusting, too idealistic. I regard it as our duty to save him from himself. If what you assume is true, then he was foolish not to let the persons, whoever they may be, take what they were after in the first place."

She looked at him, for the first time since she had sat down, with something like kindness. "You, too," she said, "are a fool. Always were. Impractical. I'm sorry, Richard, but I'm glad Mogens overpowered you before you had a chance to get away."

From outside came the noise of a fast-driven car. It stopped. A door slammed, voices echoed.

"They've come back," said Ulla, and rose.

Richard let her go without any further attempt to argue with her. In a few minutes now the battle would start all over again. He needed these few minutes to compose himself. Slowly he finished his coffee. He noticed that a clean shirt had been put out for him. As he got up to put it on, he told himself, with a heavy heart, that he was acting like a prisoner summoned to face his judges.

They were silent when he joined them—Iver Larsen, Frederik Gabel, Helga, Mogens and Ulla Rasmussen—silent with the particular quietness of crushing disappointment combined with almost unbearable tension. And the silence and the tension were directed against him. Richard felt their animosity like a physical blow.

Iver Larsen stepped forward.

"We were unable to find it," he said, "but we know that it must be there, and we also know that you know where Anders hid it." He paused, and when he spoke again, he spoke very slowly. "There was a tiny heap of black ashes on the table. You burned the map, didn't you? The map on which the spot where Anders buried the container had been marked."

"I burned the map," said Richard.

"Do you deny that you know where the container is?" It was the doctor speaking, his sad, tired eyes strangely alive now.

There was no point in denying it: they wouldn't believe him.

"I do not deny it," he said.

If Anders had wanted his enemies to

believe that the container was at Frigga, to lead them away from his laboratory, Richard could do the same thing. He looked at Mogens. Mogens was staring down at his hands. They were forming fists, opening, closing in restless succession.

"From the fact that you burned the map," said Iver Larsen softly, "we can only arrive at the conclusion that you do not intend to share this knowledge with us."

"That is correct. As I told you earlier, I cannot see that Anders took all these precautions and risked death, if he had been willing——"

"I told you that he is a fool." Ulla Rasmussen's voice had lost all softness.

Helga held her hand up against her cheek for a fleeting moment, then made a little step in Richard's direction.

"None of us thinks that, Richard," she said. "But who can be sure that Anders knows about this bargain?"

Richard forced himself not to look at her, for her eyes were soft now, and pleading. "The more reason, then——"

Larsen interrupted. "The intermediary gave us a limit of twenty-four hours. It was twelve o'clock sharp when I talked to him. Already nine hours have passed. We may not be able to dig up the entire property and find the container in the remaining time unless you help us. You know the Russians. They may go back on their offer; they may think of some means to find it themselves. They are holding Anders. They may be able to make him talk."

RICHARD saw Mogens move and the doctor stop him. In Richard's aching head the last thing the lawyer had just used as an argument gyrated like an enormous Catherine wheel, lighting up the dark, sleeping corners of his mind. The Russians must have offered the deal only because Anders Oersted would not speak. There was no need for them to offer anything if they had been able to make him reveal the hiding place.

"That's where you make a mistake," he said. "Undoubtedly they have already"—he looked at Helga, stopped, caught his breath and finished —"tried to find out from Anders. I am more than ever convinced that I am justified in refusing to surrender the explosive."

But Helga had understood. Her eyes widened, grew dark with horror.

"They may torture him again," said Larsen. "They may have stopped trying only because they found out that one of us—you—knows where the container is, and think it wiser to return Anders unharmed."

But this Richard could not believe. Anders would never have mentioned his name—or would he?

"Helga," he said, "darling, we have to face all possibilities. Anders may not even be alive any more. Their bargain may be no bargain at all. I am not willing to discuss this further until I am satisfied that Anders is alive."

Mogens was looking at him. "That makes sense to me," he said. "That makes a great deal of sense to me, Iver. I remember once during the war when we exchanged spies——"

Larsen cut him short. He turned to Richard. "There is something in what you say. I think you're right. We must ask for more time, we must ask for something or other from Anders's own hands that guarantees us that he is alive."

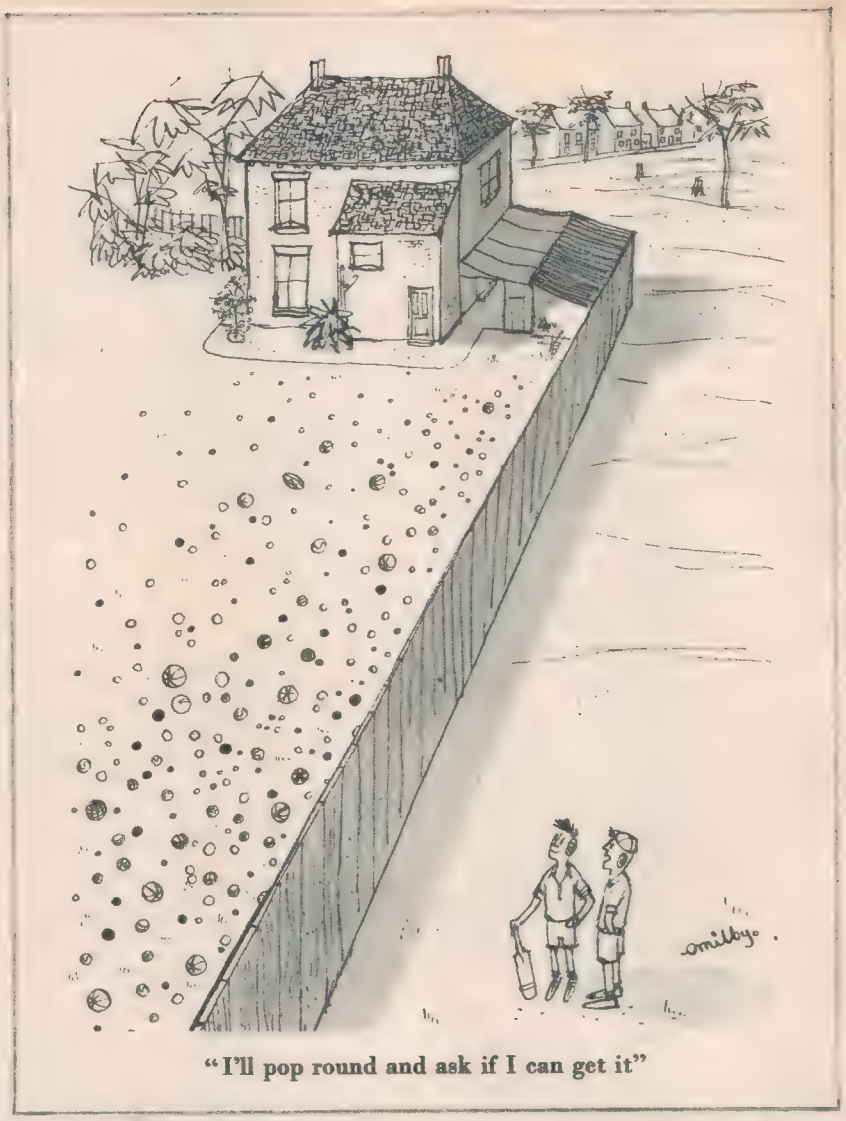
"I would like to talk to the intermediary myself," said Richard.

"If I can arrange it," said Larsen, "that seems to me a good way. Let me make a telephone call."

He went out of the living-room and into the library. A few minutes later he returned.

"The Russians will send a man," he said. "He should be here in an hour."

An hour can seem as long as an eternity. What the hour of waiting meant to the others, Richard could not tell. At one point old Niels wheeled a table into the room with platters of open sandwiches and salads, tiny glasses for the brandy and an array of beer bottles. Nobody touched any of it.



"I'll pop round and ask if I can get it"

The doorbell made everyone jump, and brought fresh tension to the room. They waited until Niels appeared and questioningly looked at Helga.

"In here, Niels, please."

She had pulled herself up to her full height, and she stood tall and straight, the light of the many lamps making her hair shine like pale brass, her face drained of blood, her eyes hard, her chin set.

Otto Severin came into the room. He came in, walking fast, like a man unaware that he had reached his destination. He had not taken off his hat, a soft, shapeless felt, nor had he given his overcoat to Niels, but wore it with its collar turned up. He was smoking, and the way he kept on smoking was like a loudly spoken insult.

"Severin," said Larsen.

Even when his voice was toneless, it carried. It was perfectly obvious that he had never expected to find Anders Oersted's head chemist in the rôle of envoy from the enemy. His light grey eyes, as he looked at Severin, narrowed so that they looked almost black. He was breathing heavily.

THE doctor seemed too stunned to speak. He made a step forward as if he couldn't trust his eyes; then moved back with the shocked expression of someone who finds himself unexpectedly face to face with a black panther.

"That Nazi!" shouted Mogens. "I told Anders he was a fool ever to trust a Nazi!" His huge frame was shaking with barely controlled rage.

Helga held out a restraining hand, a hand that trembled and seemed unsure of its touch, but when she spoke, it was Richard she addressed.

"I told you, didn't I, Richard? That he was the first to call, the first to inquire——"

"Project Eleven," said Richard, as much to her as to Severin. Project Eleven, I remember." The insulin research had been Severin's excuse for searching Anders's flat.

Severin shrugged. "I was told," he said, blowing out a cloud of smoke which momentarily veiled his sharp features, "that you wanted me to pass on a message to Oersted. What is it?"

Richard thought of the early morning and how he had surprised this man searching Anders's desk, the empty envelope which had come from Ribnitz, Germany, in the Russian zone. If he had been more thorough, if he had forced this man to talk, he might. . . .

"Where is he?" he asked. "Where are your friends keeping him?"

Severin's eyebrows rose. "Mr. Parker," he said, "I'm not here to answer questions."

LARSEN spoke with enormous contempt, his narrow, handsome features set in determination. "Severin," he said, "since you are obviously nothing but an errand boy for our enemies, tell them this: we want definite proof that Anders is alive, a letter in his own writing. We are not willing to consider any bargain without this proof. Necessarily, this will have to change the time limit given us for the surrender of the container. Let us say that we will hand it over twenty-four hours after a note from Anders is in our possession."

"I will let you know as soon as I am able, if this will be possible." Severin took off his glasses, blew on them and polished them with his handkerchief. "But, of course, you understand that the whole deal is off if you are unable to procure the container. We do not think it can be as difficult as you pointed out on the phone."

"It will be found," said Mogens. "Don't worry; it will be found."

For a second, then, everybody looked at Richard. Severin, not unaware that all attention had been drawn away from his person, murmured in his halting, ungrammatical Danish: "I would also like a guarantee that no sample of the explosive will disappear in the meantime."

"I guarantee that." As though she were swearing the most solemn oath, Helga lifted her right hand. "And now, get out!"

To be continued next week

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NANCY AND THE LAWS OF LOVE

Continued from page 14

the creek was deep-banked, and it was here that Jimmy had intended to build the dam to divert the water from the flats lower down.

He had explained his schemes to Nancy and she had come to believe that it could be done. She sat watching him now, his tall muscular body stripped to the waist, working with the deft movements of a man who knew his job, and she knew that, given an ordinary amount of luck, he could some day turn Mountain Flat into a property of which he could be proud. Oh, if only she, and not her father, were the bank manager!

"When do you start bushranging?" she said.

"Pretty soon." He was giving nothing away. There was silence for a while, then he said, "The mail coach go out today?"

She was about to reply, when a thought struck her. *He's being subtle,* she thought, and she almost laughed. Jimmy was about as subtle as a landslide.

"Yes," she said. "It went out at ten o'clock this morning."

JIMMY jerked up so quickly he got his hand caught in the dingo trap. He let out a howl of pain, and Nancy almost fell down the bank in her rush to release him.

"My pistol hand!" It was bruised and gashed and dripping blood, and Jimmy's voice had as much anger as pain in it.

He staggered up the bank, and Nancy ran after him.

"You'd better let me attend to that," she said. Jimmy tried to sidestep her, but she pushed him into a chair that stood by the front door. "Don't be so pigheaded, Jimmy!"

"You tricked me into that!" Jimmy said. "Made me get my hand trapped so I couldn't go down and hold up the coach tomorrow! It didn't go out this morning, did it?"

"No," said Nancy, coming out with a basin of water and a towel. "And I wish I'd left you down there with your hand stuck in the trap!"

She bathed and bandaged his hand. It took her some time, and when she at last looked up she was surprised at the expression on Jimmy's face. Instead of the look of sulky anger she had expected, there was the old look of tenderness that had always melted her heart in the past.

"Ah, Nan, why do we fight? I've got enough against me, without having you against me too." She had been kneeling down as she dressed his hand, and now he bent and kissed the top of her head. "Let's get married right away, Nan."

"Oh, Jimmy!" She clung to him, and he stroked the back of her neck with his bandaged hand, his pistol hand. "I'll marry you whenever you want! Today, tomorrow, any time!"

Jimmy looked over his shoulder at the shack behind them. "I'll build us a decent homestead, with a big wide veranda and four bedrooms——"

"Four?"

"We were going to have six kids, remember? Two in each room. And us in the main bedroom."

"We'll write today to the parson down at Pilligundi. It can go out in the mail coach tomorrow, and we'll ask him to come up here and marry us next week."

"Well, maybe that's a bit soon," said Jimmy.

"You said you wanted to marry me right away, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Jimmy hesitantly. "But not that right away. I still have to get back on my feet—three months at the most."

"You meant you still intend going in for bushranging?"

Jimmy looked at her, afraid she was going to blow up again. "Yes, Nan. I'll be careful, and I won't shoot anyone unless I have to."

"Were you going to hold up the coach tomorrow?"

"I was," said Jimmy, and looked thoroughly disconsolate again. "That is what I mean by everything being against me. I knew that coach was due to go out, and I guessed it would be carrying a lot of money."

"Over a thousand pounds," Nancy said.

Jimmy whistled. "I didn't guess it would be that much. Stone the crows, that would be enough to set me up! One hold-up and then I could retire." He kicked the dirt with a disgusted foot. "But I can't tomorrow."

"Why not?" Nancy said. "Because of your hand?"

"That wouldn't stop me," Jimmy said. "Blackie has colic. Just when I need him, he goes sick on me."

Nancy got up and walked to the corner of the shack. She stood staring down at the paddock where the grey grazed in quiet contentment. Then she turned and came back to Jimmy.

"You can have my horse," she said.

Jimmy started up. "You don't mean——" He stepped towards Nancy and engulfed her in his arms. "Ah, Nan, I knew you'd see the light! Just this one hold-up, and then I swear I'll be a model citizen for the rest of my life!"

"You'll have to steal him tonight," Nancy said. "Just so it won't look as if I've helped you!"

"I'll come down tonight on one of the wagon horses," Jimmy said. "I can turn him loose then, and he'll find his own way home."

"Where are you going to hold up the coach?" Nan said.

"Down by Nevin's Elbow," Jimmy said. "The road narrows there."

THAT night, Nancy lay awake and listened to her horse being stolen. Jimmy was a noisy horse thief, and several times Nancy was afraid that her father would be disturbed. But at last there was silence out in the yard behind the bank. Even then Nancy couldn't sleep; her conscience sat on the end of her bed and mocked her.

By the laws of love, she was guilty. She was double-crossing the man she loved. She wondered if she had done the right thing. Everything depended on the grey horse Jimmy had stolen.

The next morning, there was a great hullabaloo when it was discovered that the grey had disappeared during the night. There had never been any horse stealing in Kootapatamba before, and everyone instantly blamed it on the Kelly gang.

"I don't know that I should let the money go out on the mail coach this morning," Mr. Farendine said to the coach driver. "Not if the Kellys are in the district. Or maybe I'll close the bank for today, Matt, and ride down with you. I can come back tomorrow in Jeff White's wagon."

"Please yourself, Ted," said the coach driver. "But I never been held up before. I reckon them bushrangers know more than to fool around with Matt Thurber." He held up a large kangaroo gun. "I'll blow their heads off if they come within a hundred yards of me. I shoot first and ask 'em who they are afterwards."

Nancy had a dizzy spell and clutched at the table for support. She had several times thought of Jimmy dangling at the end of a rope, and had shuddered at the prospect, but she had never considered that Jimmy might have his head blown off before they had a chance to put a rope round his neck. She took a grip on herself and walked out on the veranda.

"I'm going down to Pilligundi with you, Dad."

"Well, I don't know," Mr. Farendine said. "I shouldn't want you to be in a hold-up."

"I shan't be in any danger," said Nancy, and smiled at the coach driver. "Not with Mr. Thurber and his gun to protect us."

"Not on your life," Matt Thurber said, and stroked his gun affectionately. "They only got to poke their noses out from behind a rock and that's the end of 'em. I can blow a pumpkin apart at three hundred yards with this."

Nancy had another dizzy spell, but she managed not to faint. She had been relying on the grey horse to keep Jimmy at least a hundred yards from the mail coach, but now she knew that a hundred yards wasn't far enough. Not if Matt Thurber's boast was true.

Meanwhile, down at Nevin's Elbow, Jimmy was spitting some real bushranger's language at the grey horse. They were at the top of a precipitous slope; below them the road came down through a defile, then turned sharply round the spur that was the Elbow. There was no other immediate way down to the road except down the almost non-existent path on the steep slope, and the grey was refusing to make the descent.

Jimmy whipped off the scarf he had been using as a mask and wove it through the bridle and across the horse's eyes. He'd have to mask himself again when he got to the bottom of the slope. But first he had to *get* to the bottom of the slope.

Again he pushed the horse forward. This time the grey, lost in the darkness of the scarf, stepped over the edge and into space. Next moment they were on their way down—and now Jimmy was more scared than the horse.

Blackie, a true mountain horse, would have come down this slope without complaint, but he would have picked his way. Not so the grey. Sparks flew from the rocks under his skidding hoofs, bushes were brushed aside, and twice Jimmy had to duck to escape being decapitated by low branches. No mountain horse had ever descended a slope as fast as the grey was coming down this one. It took all of Jimmy's riding skill to remain in the saddle. Then they hit the bottom of the slope, and only then could Jimmy look up towards the defile.

And only then did he see that he was second in line to hold up the coach. It was halted at the end of the defile, and four horsemen, their pistols plainly visible, were grouped about it. Matt Thurber sat on his driving box with his arms upraised, his gun still stuck between his knees, and beside him Mr. Farendine was just reaching under the seat for the strong-box containing the bank's money.

All this Jimmy took in in a moment, but he had no time to ponder on it nor to make a decision. The grey, finding the flat surface of the road beneath its hoofs, was losing no time in heading back toward the lowlands. But, still lost under the mask, he headed in the wrong direction. He came down off that slope like a grey express engine, and he went up the road towards the mail coach and the bushrangers.

There was a yell from one of the bushrangers, and next moment Jimmy felt a bullet whistle through his hat. Still the grey kept going; there was no stopping him now. The bushrangers let fly a few more shots; then abruptly they wheeled their horses and set off up the road. Jimmy and the grey went past the coach to the accompaniment of cheers, but there was no acknowledgment from either Jimmy or the grey.

Jimmy could see that the grey was gaining on the bushrangers' horses. Desperately he tried to wrestle his pistol from his belt, but his bandaged hand hindered him and he was afraid of shooting himself in the stomach. Steadily the grey drew nearer to the fleeing bandits, and Jimmy began to wonder how he would fare when he rode up in among them with his pistol still stuck in his belt.

Then the bushrangers suddenly scattered. Two of them wheeled to the right and went galloping up through the rocks and over the crest of a hill. The other two swung in the opposite direction and went skidding down a slope, jumped a creek and were soon lost in a clump of timber.

Now, Jimmy was able to give his full attention to the grey. A quarter of a mile farther on he managed to bring it to a halt. He leaned forward, removed the scarf, and the grey looked out apprehensively on a countryside that it thought it had left for good. It stared at the mountains and the slopes, and whinnied in fear, but Jimmy, now strangely in sympathy with the horse, patted its neck and quieted it. Then he turned the grey round and rode back down the road towards the mail coach.

Nancy came running up the road towards him. He leaned down and hoisted her up behind him. She put her arms round his neck, almost strangling him, and he could feel her tears trickling down inside his collar.

"Oh, Jimmy! I knew you couldn't be a bushranger, that you were too honest!"

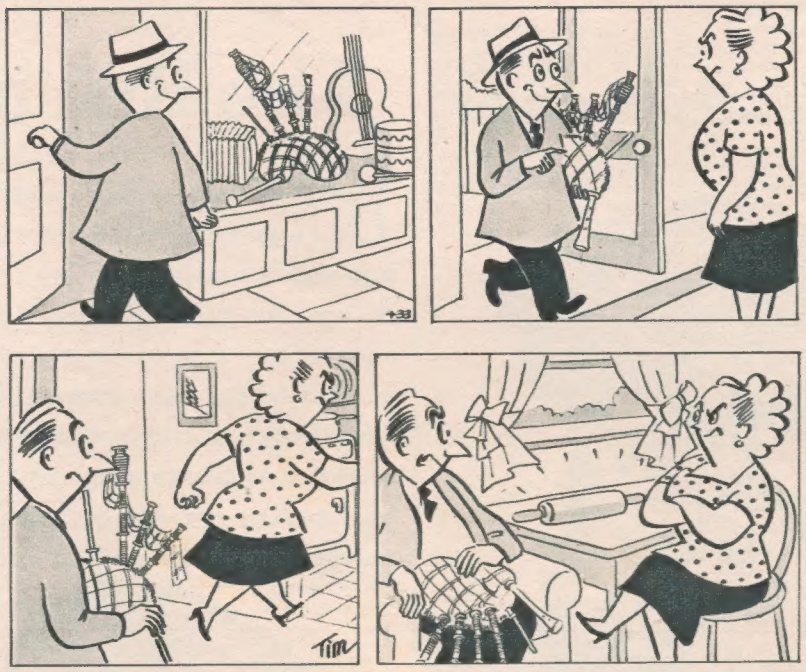
Jimmy knew she was right; he realized now that, when the actual moment of handing over the strong-box had come, he would not have been able to take it. He patted the grey surreptitiously, grateful to it for having saved him from making a fool of himself.

"The way you went after those other men! That was the Kelly gang! Dad recognized them from their photos!" Nancy gave his throat another squeeze. "Dad reckons it's the bravest thing he's ever seen—the way you came down that cliff and chased right after them! He's going to advance you that loan, he said!"

Jimmy said nothing, trying to act like a modest hero. He turned in his saddle, kissed her, then faced forward again. It was a spurious reputation, but even so, it was good to feel that people thought you were a brave and honest man.

He wouldn't have felt so smug had he looked over his shoulder. For Nancy was smiling to herself and covertly patting the rump of the grey horse. She had her secret, too. THE END

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated August 14 and in JOHN BULL dated August 21), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 7, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,946 result.)

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Dead To The World
Brave Words
On The Road Back
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No Holiday
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Winking A Warning
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The Bookie's Harvest
All The Sweeter
Like Glue
Facing The Bowling
Rotten
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Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

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For.....To Choose
Gets Us.....
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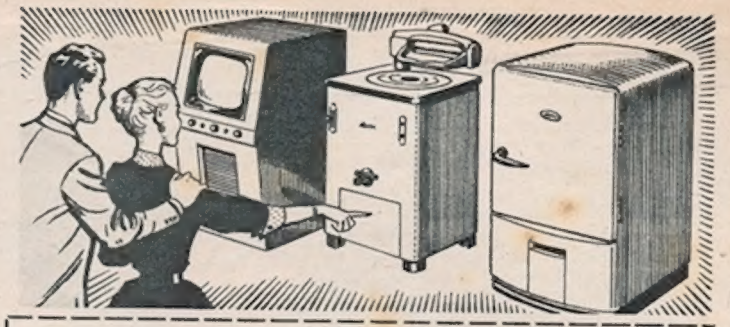

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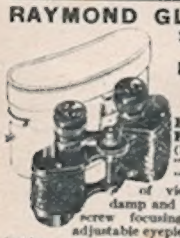

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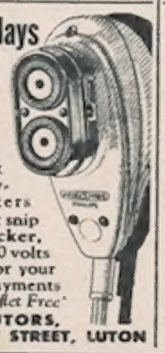

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